

TWENTY CENTS

AUGUST 11, 1952

HOUSES IN THE SUN
Four pages of color pictures

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



The Post

VEEP NOMINEE SPARKMAN

To compromise with the uncompromising.

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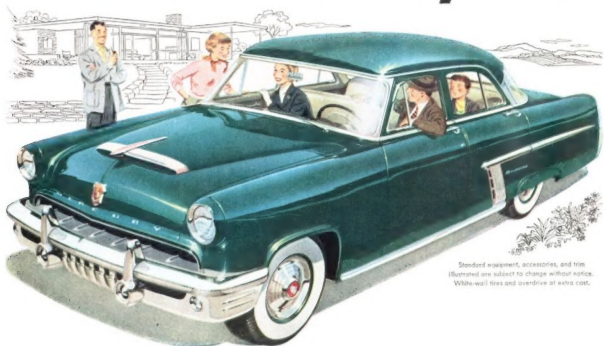
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VOL. 18, NO. 6



SWEEPSTAKES WINNER OF MOBIL GAS ECONOMY RUN—There can be only *one* big winner in this annual automobile classic. And again this year it was Mercury with optional overdrive—the all-time economy champion, with two Sweepstakes wins against all comers in every class, and three wins in three years against every car entered in its own class.

**can't be beaten for economy
—won't be dated for years!**



Standard equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice. White-wall tires and overdrive at extra cost.

WHAT other car has such a record for economy—*proven* in open competition? Answer: None, as a look at the Mobilgas Economy Run record shows you.

And what other can match Mercury for years-ahead styling and future features? We'll let you answer that one yourself. Just compare Mercury with any car you've seen, or driven. Then—remember these extras:

Mercury's styling is *completely* new, not an outmoded, years-ago design

that's trying to hide its age. And there's 12% more V-8 horsepower, 17% more visibility, six inches more hip room in the rear seat alone, a new Interceptor panel . . .

But the list is so long! So, all we say is, take your *own* word for it. There's a car waiting for you to try at your Mercury dealer's. Why not stop in today—and step out for your own private test run!

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

EYE AMERICA'S NO.1 STYLING STAR

MERCURY



**TRY "AMERICA'S NO.1
ECONOMY CAR"**



Coal rides roller coaster down a mountain

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

SOME coal mines are located far up the steep sides of mountains. In many cases, getting the coal down is a serious problem. The picture above shows how B. F. Goodrich engineers helped solve one such problem.

A series of nine conveyor belts was designed to carry 350 tons of coal per hour down one mountain, snake it 'cross country around another mountain, then through a tunnel almost a mile long—a total of 2½ miles.

The engineers knew ordinary belts could not handle this entire job because of the crashing, crunching blows of

sharp, heavy coal and rock when it is loaded onto the belt at the top of the slope. A special kind of belt was needed.

The belt which was recommended is a B. F. Goodrich *cord belt*, made of individual cords which run lengthwise. Each cord is completely surrounded by rubber. No cross threads tie the cords together—they are free to give as heavy chunks of coal strike the belt. The rubber takes the shock.

Making belt to withstand the gouging blows of dropping coal and rock is a typical example of B. F. Goodrich belt improvement. Other belts are specially

made to carry materials that tear and cut ordinary rubber, withstand terrific heat, carry oily foods and grains.

If you use conveyor belting, V belts, hose or other industrial rubber goods, see your BFG distributor and find out what B. F. Goodrich may have done recently to improve the products you use. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

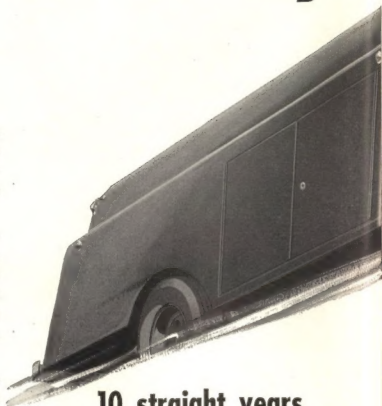
You can't buy a better truck **to save your money!**

Your savings begin the minute you buy a Chevrolet truck. For Chevrolet trucks list for less than any other make with comparable specifications capable of handling the same payloads.

But that's *only* the beginning. You save on the job—day in and day out—in fuel, maintenance and repairs. For Chevrolet trucks are the *only* trucks with all the 20 great features that add up to more rugged performance and more reliable operation at less cost.

And when the time comes to trade, the record shows that over the years Chevrolet trucks traditionally bring a higher percentage of their original cost than any other make!

For your every trucking need, be sure to see your Chevrolet dealer—and save. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



10 straight years

as first choice of America's truck buyers

It's a fact! For the last 10 truck-production years in a row, Chevrolet trucks have been the choice of more users than any other make! Here's long-term leadership built on solid value and quality at lower cost.





(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

20 great features that mean finer performance at lower cost

VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE: The right power for your job—plus economy in the Loadmaster or the Thriftmaster engine.

BLUE-FLAME COMBUSTION: High efficiency combustion chamber squeezes all available power from fuel.

POWER-JET CARBURETION: Meters the flow of fuel to meet exact requirements of engine load and speed with 2-way controlled ignition.

FULL-LENGTH-JACKET WATER COOLING: Water jackets completely surround each cylinder for more complete cooling.

SPECIALIZED 4-WAY LUBRICATION: Provides 4 special types of lubrication to lengthen engine life.

SYNCHRO-MESH TRANSMISSION: Quick, quiet, safe shifting—eliminates "double-clutching."

DIAPHRAGM SPRING CLUTCH: One single-disc spring provides positive engagement, reduces wear.

HYPOID REAR AXLE: Lowers tooth pressures, stronger tooth section gives extra durability.

STRADDLE-MOUNTED PINION: Maintains better gear alignment, better tooth contact on medium- and heavy-duty models.

SINGLE-UNIT REAR AXLE HOUSING: No bolts, no joints; tubular beam construction to withstand heavy loads.

FULL SIZE REAR AXLE INSPECTION PLATE: Saves time and trouble on inspections during regular maintenance.

SPLINED AXLE-TO-HUB CONNECTION: Driving splines mate directly with wheel hubs on heavy-duty models. No bolts to loosen or permit oil leaks.

BALL-GEAR STEERING: Free rolling steel balls between worm and nut cut friction, save wear.

"TWIN-ACTION" HEAVY-DUTY REAR BRAKES: Two cylinders in each brake for safer, more positive braking.

"TORQUE-ACTION" LIGHT-DUTY BRAKES: Make full use of truck momentum for greater stopping power.

BONDED BRAKE LININGS: Rivetless linings on light- and medium-duty models nearly double lining life.

BATTLESHIP CAB CONSTRUCTION: Each cab is a double walled, all-welded steel unit of great strength.

FLEXI-MOUNTED CAB: Minimizes vibration and driver fatigue.

HEAVY-DUTY CHANNEL TYPE FRAME: Deep channel-section side rails give maximum rigidity.

UNIT-DESIGNED BODIES: Floors, tops, sides built as separate matching units for greater strength and safety. Widest color choice at no extra cost.





No golf ball will stay in shape forever, but the new 1952 Titleist, hit over and over again by the famed Acushnet Driving Machine, harder and farther than any man can ever hit a ball, stands up to punishment better than any high-compression ball you can buy. You can prove this for yourself. Titleists, like all Acushnets, are sold through Pro Shops only.

Only \$270, for everything? ... fine, just charge it to my husband's account.



ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

FIRST CHOICE IN THE MAJORITY OF PRO SHOPS

LETTERS

The Conventions

Sir: I want to congratulate TIME for a very responsible job of reporting the Republican political situation in this hectic year. It seems to me you made a substantial contribution to the very excellent theory of "majority rule." You are to be highly commended.

STANLEY MARCUS

Dallas

Sir: ... The Democrats are slipping! They have laid the blame for every catastrophe from the beginning of the two-party system to the present time on the Republicans. They didn't blame the Republicans, however, for our recent earthquake, the heaviest shock in nearly half a century. Was this because they didn't care to suggest that Ike and California's own Nixon have the strength to move mountains?

MRS. EDWARD S. SHAW

San Diego, Calif.

Sir: You are to be commended highly on your July 28 issue and the coverage of the Republican Convention. We have seldom seen such a brilliant display of partisan humor and biased point of view. Your ability to see only the trees in the Democratic Sherwood Forest has proved to us once again that no bandwagon insures 20/20 vision.

We are happy to see you revive the techniques of the old morality plays: Eisenhower-the-Good walks onto the stage and the

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TIME
August 11, 1952

Volume LX
Number 8

TIME, AUGUST 11, 1952

Economics I
fall '52



1. why man-made fiber
fabrics by Robbins
are important in wardrobe
- a- they're good looking
 - b- they're right
anywhere - all seasons
 - c- they're priced right
for school budgets

Tomorrow's assignment -
See fall suits, slacks,
jackets of
ROBBINS
fabrics

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For other good stores, write to: ROBBINS MILLS, INC. - 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK

TIME, AUGUST 11, 1952

Which way would you rather get rid of garbage?



Handle it yourself?



GE
DISPOSALL®
(Model FA-4)
only **124.95***

*Manufacturer's recommended retail price, including excise tax. Installation extra.

or WASH IT AWAY with a G-E Disposall?

How convenient to wash away garbage! Turn the faucet. Just lock in the safety Twistop control. The General Electric Disposall

shreds food-waste into tiny bits which are washed away into sewer or septic tank. General Electric Company, Louisville 2, Kentucky.

Why more people own a G-E Disposall than any other disposer—



Price and specifications subject to change without notice.

- 1. Safety Twistop control.** It is both sink-stopper and strainer. Disposall runs only when Twistop is locked in drain opening. Twistop keeps food-wastes in and hands out. An important G-E safety feature.
- 2. Quiet.** All moving parts and connections floated in rubber for extra-quiet, cushioned-shredding action!
- 3. Dependable long life.** General Electric pioneered the first electric food-disposer, and thousands of General Electric Disposalls have been giving steady, dependable operation for ten years or longer!

A General Electric Disposall can be installed in any kitchen sink. It is specially designed for use with septic tanks, too. Actually helps keep drain lines clean.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

corrupt Democrats beat it into the greenwood, blinded by the aureole that you have placed round his head . . .

Minneapolis

MARION MOSTKOFF

Sir:

The cynical betrayal of principle for political expediency by Jake Arvey and his coterie of city bosses . . . on the Southern loyalty pledge was a disgrace to the Democratic Party and an insult to the American people.

After this flagrant delivering of votes by "the boys," I, as an erstwhile Democrat, have no choice but to agree with the Republicans that the Democrats have indeed been in too long. Obviously, if we are not to turn our birthright over to unprincipled machine bosses, it is time for a change. I shall vote for Eisenhower in November.

(MRS.) ELAINE ATKINSON

Des Plaines, Ill.

Sir:

. . . The Democrats are fortunate in their choice of Stevenson, a humble man who has the common touch with his fellow men . . .

Mrs. STANLEY J. DIXON

Detroit

Sir:

. . . I watched and listened to Adlai Stevenson accept the Democratic nomination . . . The jolt came after Truman finished his introduction of the candidate . . . Harry was typically Midwestern—typically American. Adlai was typically Princetonian—with the clipped accent of a Britisher . . . Adlai talked from above (not quite as high as MacArthur) with a tone of cultivated condescension . . . The manner in which he spoke, you'd think he was running for Parliament. He had everything but his striped diplomat pants on. If the Democrats want their man to make a showing in November—they'd better bring him down to earth, have him burn that thesaurus . . .

San Francisco JAMES W. CRAWFORD

Sir:

Alas poor Adlai! I loved him, Horatio. But Ike's the man free nations need . . .

Washington, D.C. HARRY OLNEY

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

It is an old axiom in politics that the people never turn out an administration when everybody is employed and reasonably prosperous . . . Although it is certainly not original, I have concluded that people are intensely interested in peace and . . . Ike is the one man . . . who has the best chance to bring it about . . .

Taking the premise that Russia is the main cause of fear as to future war . . . we should have all the help we can get . . . Western Europe [has] extreme confidence in Eisenhower, and we would get cooperation from it through him that no other person could get . . . Consequently, Western Europe would become strong enough so that Russia would hesitate to show belligerency . . . These things would come about more logically with Ike . . . Along with this argument, of course, comes the possibility of actually uniting Europe along political and economic lines. Here again Ike, who so firmly believes in that idea, will be a great and friendly help . . .

Cleveland R. A. WEAVER

Endorsement

Sir:

My eight-month-old son is one of the "one of every five" babies in the U.S. whose mother is not only buying but using Dr. B. Spock's [TIME, July 21] baby book. Among the young mothers in my circle of

To Make a Profit...Drive a Bargain!



RENT A NEW CAR FROM
HERTZ
...drive it as your own

You're money ahead the minute you rent a car from Hertz for business use. You step into a fine new car that's in excellent condition and go... with all gas, oil, and proper insurance provided at a fixed low cost. You can make more calls... faster, easier, and at lower cost per call. And your rental receipts are a simplified and accurate record of expenses for accounting and tax purposes. It's no wonder that every month, additional thousands of business men—executives and their salesmen—avail themselves of the efficiency and economy of Hertz Driv-Ur-Self Service.

Enjoy these many HERTZ SERVICE advantages

A Specific Rate Example... At the Hertz station in Buffalo, N. Y., the weekday commercial rate from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. is \$5.00, plus .07¢ per mile, including gas, oil and insurance. Thus, the total cost for a 30 mile trip is only \$7.10, regardless of how many miles. Rates lower by the week. (In other cities the rate may be somewhat higher or lower.)

Rent From HERTZ As Easy As A.B.C.... (A.) Go to a Hertz station. (B.) Show your driver's license and identify yourself. (C.) Step into the car and go!

Private Car Pleasure... You drive a new Chevrolet or other fine new car in splendid condition and as private as your own. Rent any hour, any time, for an hour, day, week, or as long as you wish.

Reservations... To be sure of a car when you need it, make a reservation in advance by calling your local Hertz station. They will reserve a car for use locally... or at the Hertz station in your destination city. If you prefer and you have the correct station name and address, write, wire or phone your reservation direct to your destination city. If there is no Hertz station in your home town at the present time, request your Hertz reservation through the Hertz Rail-Auto or Plane-Auto Travel Plan at the railroad or airline reservation office, or your travel agency. Insist on Hertz for dependable service and proper insurance protection.

Now! Charge Cards... Hertz International Charge Cards are issued to well rated business firms and individuals who qualify. The card serves as identification, eliminates deposit requirements, and provides credit privileges when desired. Air Travel Card and Rail Credit Card holders will be extended these same courtesies at all Hertz stations.

Additional Information... Hertz Driv-Ur-Self service is available in over 500 cities and resort areas throughout the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Mexico, Hawaii, and Alaska. For complete information call your local Hertz station or write Hertz Driv-Ur-Self System, Inc., Dept. 582, 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.

Trucks... Hertz is also the world's largest truck leasing and rental organization. Trucks are available at most Hertz stations for daily and weekly rentals or on long-term lease.

NOTE: To serve more cities and towns, licenses are being granted to responsible local interests to operate as part of the Hertz System. For complete information write Hertz Driv-Ur-Self System, Inc., Dept. 582, 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.



HERTZ Driv-Ur-Self SYSTEM

Look in your telephone directory under "H" for your local Hertz station

WHEREVER YOU ARE...WHEREVER YOU GO...YOU CAN RENT A NEW CAR AS EASY AS



Exide

ULTRA START

...more value for
your battery dollars

Worth more . . . because you get more for your money when you buy an Exide ULTRA START. You get improved battery performance . . . longer battery life . . . a greater battery value with these three outstanding features:

SILVIUM—new grid alloy, lengthens battery life because of high resistance to grid corrosion—a battery's most destructive enemy.

G.O.X.—new active material—makes possible the use of a lower specific gravity acid solution that promotes longer efficient battery life.

PORMAX—new, practically indestructible plastic separators increase cold-weather starting ability—resist heat and acid—are flexible and tough.

Other Exide Batteries as low as \$16.65, less allowance for your old battery.

FOR MAXIMUM LIFE AND PERFORMANCE

ASK YOUR DEALER TO CHECK YOUR BATTERY REGULARLY

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

Philadelphia 2

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

DEALERS!

Switch to Exide

Give your customers more for their money.



Exide ULTRA START

... new leader of the famous Exide line

WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE . . . YOU START

"EXIDE" "SILVIUM" and "PORMAX" Reg. T.M. U.S. Pat. Off.
"ULTRA START" T.M. Reg. applied for

acquaintances, a reference to "Spock" is sufficient argument on most any subject. His endorsement of breast-feeding is a shot in the arm to the many young mothers who wish to "revert" to this old-fashioned method in the face of often-scorning doctors. Thanks for a private look at an old, old friend! . . .

MRS. OWEN E. THOMPSON
Springfield, Mo.

Smith to Davis

Sir:

Speaking of "objectivity" in the news, Mr. Elmer Davis might have practiced what he preaches by checking the facts with me as to whether I had been tipped off that Stalin would answer my questions (TIME, July 28). I was never tipped off by anyone that Stalin would do so, and my denial of this unjust assumption was broadcast nationally at the time by Drew Pearson . . .

J. KINGSBURY SMITH
European General Manager
International News Service
Paris, France

Sirs:

It is evident that I owe Mr. Kingsbury Smith an apology, which is hereby tendered. The news index which I consulted mentioned the allegation but not the denial; and I did not happen to hear Mr. Pearson's broadcast in which the denial was reported. However, I have been in this business long enough to know that the denial seldom catches up with the allegation; so I should have checked with Mr. Smith personally . . .

ELMER DAVIS

Washington

South Africans in North Korea

Sir:

Without wishing to discuss the merits . . . of your July 21 story on the acquittal of the South African Air Force officer and the effect Defense Minister Erasmus is having on South Africa's armed forces, I find it hard to reconcile the statement that these forces (under the Nationalist government) have "become a military joke, badly equipped and riddled with political intrigue" with the fact that the U.S. Army has awarded many decorations to personnel of the South African contingent in Korea for their exploits . . . General O. P. Weyland commended them as "classic examples of outstanding airmanship and courage" . . .

G. J. ROUSSEAU, D.D.

First Baptist Church
Pensacola, Fla.

TIME was reporting the deterioration of South African army morale, particularly among high officers at home, not reflecting on the courage of its Korea contingent.—Ed.

Up in the Air

Sir:

Your July 28 article on gliding is excellent. You, your staff and Artist R. M. Chapin Jr. are to be commended for it . . . The altitude record of 42,100 ft. was not made in a pressurized sailplane; the pilot, however, used a pressure-demand oxygen system. Pressurized sailplanes are extremely hard to design and build, and none are in existence yet . . .

You mention that the sailplane duration record is 12 hrs. 3 min. This is incorrect, as the present record is 56 hrs., established this spring by a French soaring pilot. U.S. record is 22 hrs. . . .

All of us who fly sailplanes and those interested in motorless flight owe a debt of gratitude to TIME for its story.

ALEXIS DAWYDOFF
New York City

TIME, AUGUST 11, 1952



"Do you know the Number?"

**Long Distance calls go
through faster when you
Call by Number**

A HELPFUL HINT—Start today to build up a list of out-of-town telephone numbers. Write down those you already know. If there's a new number you don't have—or an old one you've forgotten—be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.



"You'll save time if you give me the out-of-town number you're calling.

"That way I can put your call through without first calling 'Information' in the distant city.

"Your own call goes through faster. And you help speed the service for everyone. That's especially important now, when so many urgent defense calls are on the Long Distance lines."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





The plant that saved a bathing beach

The building you see in the background has a lot to do with the healthy look of these people on the beautiful beach at Santa Monica Bay, California.

For it houses the heart of a plant that keeps the sea clean by converting Los Angeles' 350,000,000 daily gallons of sewage into 220 tons of "filter cakes" for fertilizer.

Were it not for this, the glistening beaches stretching from L. A. to Santa Monica would soon be polluted, unfit for human use.

This amazing job is performed at L.A.'s huge Hyperion Sewage Treatment Plant with the aid of nine equally amazing machines that generate electricity and supply air for the treating process . . . super-

charged Worthington Dual Fuel Engines.

Miraculous though it seems, these dual fuel engines actually run on the gas given off during the treatment process. This Worthington-pioneered engine development keeps power cost exceptionally low. If gas is short, the engines instantaneously change from gas to oil or any combination of the two and keep operating smoothly.

Worthington pioneering in many types of Diesels, pumps and compressors brings good water and sanitation to millions all over the world. But "Worthington" means much more than engines and pumps. It's also air conditioning and refrigeration, power plant and transmission equipment, construction machinery, and many other products for city, farm and industry.

Diversification of market builds stability . . . makes Worthington, 112 years old, a strong link in the far-flung chain of American business.

Worthington Corporation, Harrison, New Jersey.

WORTHINGTON



The Sign of Value
Around the World



Lower-Cost Manufacturing—pumps, compressors, steam turbines, engines, power transmission, air conditioning



Efficient Power—water treating, steam condensers, feedwater heaters, pumps, engine and turbine generators



Better Roads and Construction—Blue Brute air compressors, mixers, pavers, air tools, pumps



Chemical Products—compressors, Worthing pumps, steam turbines, refrigeration, ejectors, mixers

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

When TIME recently ran a story about Dr. William Barry Wood Jr. (May 19), some old-TIMERS recalled that Wood had appeared on TIME's cover as a star quarterback more than 20 years ago (Nov. 23, 1931). I wondered what had become of a number of other cover subjects of past years who seem to have dropped from the public's sight.

Wood, who represented the rare combination of All-America athlete and Phi Beta Kappa student, was captain of Harvard's football team when he made the cover. Another TIME story

done for me is that it has given me experience in competition. And selling sure is competitive."

Just before World War II ended, Robert Evans Woods, first cadet captain of the graduating class at West Point, appeared on TIME's cover (June 11, 1945). Woods had spent two years at Annapolis, switched to West Point the third year. As a result, he played football for both Army and Navy.

After graduation, Woods went to the Pacific, spent three years with the occupation forces in Japan. Feeling he had little to offer the peacetime Army, Woods resigned in 1949, is now



Walter Dill Scott
RESEARCHER WOOD

William Barry Wood Jr.
SALESMAN EASTMAN

Gustav Kuester
FARMER KUESTER

Robert Evans Woods
TRAFFIC MAN WOODS

a year later showed that he was doing more than just passing and running with the ball on the football field. With the help of his teammates, who smeared pin-pricked drops of their blood onto slides during the games, Wood was measuring the effect of exercise on white corpuscles in the blood.

That laboratory exercise foreshadowed the career he was to follow. Wood studied medicine, eventually became head of Internal Medicine and youngest medical professor at Washington University, St. Louis, and made new discoveries about the destruction of bacteria by white blood cells.

Another athlete who appeared on the cover of TIME in the same period was Ben Eastman, the crack Stanford middle-distance runner. Eastman was 25 when he retired from track and took a job doing credit work with the Oakland Atlas Imperial Diesel Engine Co. In 1946, he opened his own business, the Atlas Equipment Co., distributor of Westinghouse air compressors in the San Francisco area. Now 41, he usually gets up to take a 6 a.m. jog of a half mile or so to keep in condition. Of the link between college and business careers, he says: "One thing track has

assistant traffic manager for the Schaefer F & M Brewing Co. in New York City. He has two sons, 5 and 3. He would like to see both in West Point one day, but he wants them to make that decision themselves, says: "If they want to go to school in Iceland, it will be all right with me."

A different kind of cover subject was Farmer Gustav Kuester (TIME, April 29, 1946), chosen to typify U.S. farmers. In addition to working 240 acres of Iowa farmland with his son, Dale, Kuester had been a Republican member of the Iowa legislature for twelve years.

Since the cover story ran, Kuester has served two terms as speaker of the Iowa House. He was urged to run for governor in 1948, but refused. At 64, he is still primarily a farmer, gets up at 5:30 for the milking, helps with the haying, goes to bed at 9:30. Last month he listened to the convention sessions, fell asleep a few times. "It got pretty late some of those nights," he explained.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

"I drink all the coffee I want..."



I get all the sleep I need!"



DON'T STOP DRINKING COFFEE... JUST STOP DRINKING CAFFEIN!

Why don't you enjoy wonderful coffee and wonderful sleep? You can—simply by switching to caffeine-free Sanka Coffee! Caffeine adds nothing to coffee's flavor—yet it's the caffeine in ordinary coffee that can jangle nerves and keep you awake.

Millions of wise people have switched to New Extra-Rich Sanka Coffee! It's one of the most flavorful coffees you've ever tasted, and it's 97% caffeine-free! It gives you all the goodness of fine coffee, yet can't keep you awake. Try it today!

DELICIOUS IN EITHER INSTANT OR REGULAR FORM
Products of General Foods



NEW EXTRA-RICH SANKA COFFEE
It's delicious! It's 97% caffeine-free!
It lets you sleep!

You'll wonder how you ever lived without it



EVERYTHING about a ROADMASTER might deserve that headline — its mighty power — its superb silence — its luxurious room — its magnificent ride — its lordly command of every mile you travel.

But the crowning joy is something more.

It is something that lets you have all the satisfactions that go with dominant size and proud bearing — and still have a car that is light and docile beneath a woman's hand.

It is known by the simple name: Power Steering.*

The power instinctively comes into action when you need it, frees you from strain and tug.

Like a hydraulic hand, it takes over the extra effort of turning the wheels when you need to get into or out of a tight spot at the curb. And at the same time, it lets you get the last inch of benefit from wheels that

turn in a shorter radius than the wheels of any car of comparable size.

You'll find, too, that Power Steering softens the jerk when your front wheels hit soft dirt or sand or choppy roads. Even in the rare case of a blowout, it helps you keep control.

But — what is equally important to the man or woman who truly loves to drive — Power Steering, as Buick has engineered it, does *not* take away the thrill of having a thing of life and eagerness beneath your hand in all the miles where its aid is not needed.

Wouldn't you like to try it? It is something that any Buick dealer will be proud to show you.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

*Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice. *Optional at extra cost on Roadmaster and Super only.*

Custom Built
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THE WEEKLY NEWS-MAGAZINE

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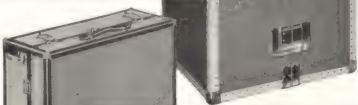
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*A message of interest for
everyone who owns life insurance*

by **KENNETH S. ADAMS**

*Chairman of the Board
Phillips Petroleum Company*

OCCASIONALLY you hear a man say that he is 'life insurance poor.' To feel this way at times is understandable. There will always be many ways of spending money, and some that seem more enjoyable than others.

"Usually, though, our sense of true values sooner or later tells us that the payment of life insurance premiums is, in reality, *saving*. And the man who may say he is 'life insurance poor' is likely in the next breath to tell you with pride how well he has provided for the security of his family, as well as for his own retirement.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Powerful Paradox

The enormous momentum which the welfare state gives to the political party in power was being demonstrated last week through U.S. farm areas. In November, the farm vote probably will be crucial; theoretically both candidates have an equal chance to get it. But the U.S. Department of Agriculture—merely applying the law and using the taxpayers' money—was able to remind farmers that the Democratic Party wouldn't let even nature "take it away." The surprising paradox is that the "ins" are able simultaneously to garner political credits from a disastrous drought in some parts of the U.S., and bumper harvests in others.

Prompt Delivery. The drought parched the South from the brown grazing lands of Texas eastward through Dixie's corn, tobacco and (less seriously) cotton. It seared the Southeast's new livestock pasturage. It left scattered scars in the Midwest, and on wide areas of New England.

The Department of Agriculture moved in smoothly and efficiently. On order of Agriculture Secretary Charles Brannan, it designated as disaster areas parts of Missouri and Arkansas and the entire states of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maine and Massachusetts. (Maine's Republican commissioner of agriculture, Fred Nutter, snapped that Washington had made Maine a disaster area over his objection. "They wanted us to ask for it," said he, "and we didn't want it.") The disaster rating allowed farmers to apply for 3% Government loans to finance their next crops, and assured them of an extension of the loan if the next crop fails.

The Guardians. In the same week, there was promise in the wheat belt of a harvest some 250 million bushels bigger than last year's.* Here, too, lay political opportunity. If the crops are up to promise, both corn and wheat may slump between now and election time. In Washington, Charlie Brannan's planners are already drafting their strategy for reminding the farmers that the Administration is the true guardian of the "fixed," (i.e., ever-rising) price.

Agriculture-conscious Republicans like Kansas' Representative Clifford Hope well know that the Democrats will make the most of their influence over the farmers. The Republicans recall the campaign of 1948, when the Department of Agriculture issued solemn warnings about a shortage of storage space for corn and wheat. Harry Truman and the other Democratic



Martha Holmes

G.O.P.'s CLIFFORD HOPE.
The "ins" have it both ways.

orators took off from there, trumpeting that the Republicans had voted down a bill to provide Government warehouse space. "If the corn farmers had stopped to think, they'd have known that they never did put their corn in Government warehouses," said Hope. "They usually put it in a crib at home and got a loan on it . . . It was one of the biggest political hoaxes in history." There was, in fact, some scratching for storage space, but the hue & cry was exaggerated, and the Democrats harvested many a farmer's vote with the fear technique.

This year, on the basis of platform promises, the G.O.P. has made itself more vulnerable than it needs to be. The Democratic platform flatly declares for a "mandatory price support program at not less than 90% of parity." The Republicans specify no percentage guarantees, call ambiguously for a program aimed "at full

parity prices for all farm products in the market place." And the market place, with its free play of prices, is just where many farmers do not want to go.

Moreover, the Democrats have hauled a plank right out of the old Brannan Plan, with promises of supports to farm perishables like vegetables and livestock, sharply recalling Charlie Brannan's pet scheme of keeping both city consumers and farmers happy. Under the Brannan Plan, perishables are allowed to seek their natural market price across the store counters (thus lowering prices to the buyers), and the Government pays the farmer as a cash subsidy the difference between the support price and the market. The Republicans promise nothing but support for "locally controlled marketing agreements." The Republican platform actually is less friendly to the farmer than the long-term Republican record in Congress on farm legislation.

If the Democrats can use the present drought and a surplus to repeat their inroads in the farm vote, the 1952 G.O.P. chances will drop sharply. There is one chance of retrieving the ground lost by the Republican platform. "In the final analysis," says Cliff Hope, "the candidate's interpretation of the platform is what the people will take, anyway." The job now falls to Ike Eisenhower to make clear what he thinks is good in the whole accumulation of farm legislation, to make clear what he thinks would be better. Ike was never committed to a more important—and more uphill—campaign.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"Injustice & Disservice"

In early 1951, the U.S. Embassy in Rome suggested to Italian Novelist Alberto (The Woman of Rome) Moravia that he should pay a visit to the U.S., where his books are bestsellers. Moravia delightedly accepted the suggestion and filed his papers. Last May, the embassy announced that Moravia's visa had been denied because of a State Department ruling that he cannot qualify under the U.S. Internal Security (McCarran) Act. This action was part of the Administration's campaign to sabotage the act by administering it with ridiculous mock zeal.

Last week, in a letter to the *New York Times*, a group of U.S. writers filed a strong dissent to State's ruling. They wrote:

"Alberto Moravia has denied ever hav-

* The Department of Agriculture estimates that by 1955 U.S. farm production can be increased by one-fifth over 1950, can provide enough "food and fiber" to meet any foreseeable demand, including wartime demand.



Associated Press

CANDIDATE & ADVISERS*

"Confidence is required in any battle. I'm confident."

ing had any Fascist or Communist affiliations. The public record sustains his denial . . . In 1950, when Milan's *Corriere della Sera*, Italy's most respected newspaper, sought to send Moravia to Moscow as a correspondent, the Soviet Union refused him a visa. Such an action is what one expects of the Soviet regime. It is a precedent which the U.S. Government would have been well advised not to follow.

"There is no doubt that an injustice has been done Alberto Moravia and a disservice to those American writers who looked forward to meeting him. We urge the State Department to reconsider its action."

The signers: John Chamberlain, John Dos Passos, Max Eastman, James T. Farrell, Alfred Kazin, William Phillips, Katherine Anne Porter, Allen Tate, Lionel Trilling, Peter Viereck, Robert Penn Warren, Thornton Wilder, Edmund Wilson.

REPUBLICANS

Ike Takes Over

Dwight D. Eisenhower squared his shoulders and told reporters: "A man in my position must take over."

At 8:15 one morning, rested and fit after his vacation, he appeared at his desk in Denver's Brown Palace Hotel, called a staff meeting. First of all, said Ike, he wanted everyone to wear "a ready grin . . . Confidence is required in any battle. I'm confident and I want all of you to be confident. In Europe, I sent some otherwise able leaders home because they went around all the time with low faces."

All week, Eisenhower conferred with advisers from all over the U.S., including Minnesota's Representative Walter Judd (who came to Denver to brief Ike on general policy issues), Paul Hoffman (economics), Kansas' Representative Clifford

Hope (farm policy). At week's end, Ike sat down with 31 advisers to a major strategy conference. Ike began to hammer out the ideological positions he will take on various issues.

Strategy. Ike will take no chances and campaign as hard as possible. He promised to appear "in every nook and cranny . . ." Ike will campaign mostly by train, but there will also be some plane trips. He will make a maximum number of TV appearances.

Taft-like Unity. Eisenhower made serious efforts to bring the Taftmen firmly into the campaign. To Denver came Senators Hugh Butler of Nebraska and Everett Dirksen of Illinois, both strong Taft backers. Both left announcing complete unity. At Columbus, Vice Presidential Nominee Dick Nixon spoke to the Ohio State Republican convention, composed mostly of Taftmen, who cheered him when he denounced Stevenson as "a captive candidate . . . Harry Truman's candidate."

Organization. The eager but hitherto uncoordinated groups around Eisenhower were being pulled together. The Citizens Committee for Eisenhower, whose enthusiastic political amateurs had whipped up Eisenhower support before the convention, now wanted an independent role in the campaign. Committee leaders argued that independent voters and disgruntled Democrats would not be attracted to the regular party organization. The citizens and the pros reached a compromise: the national committee will have the right to coordinate all activities, but the Citizens Committee will retain its separate identity.

* Front row: Arthur Summerfield, Eisenhower, Nixon, Senator Lodge, Walter Williams. Back row: Sinclair Weeks, chairman of the Finance Committee; Nebraska's Senator Fred Steiwer, Mrs. Mary Lord, Representative Leonard Hall, Kansas' Senator Frank Carlson, Sherman Adams.

The Republican campaign setup:

National Chairman (in effect, campaign manager): Arthur Summerfield.

Eisenhower's Personal Chief of Staff: Governor Sherman Adams of New Hampshire.

Eisenhower's Working Staff: includes Arthur Vandenberg, executive assistant; James Hagerly, press secretary; Abbott Washburn, correspondence secretary.

Republican Strategy Board, headed by Summerfield: Senator Dirksen; Representative Leonard Hall of New York; a Deweyman and chairman of the House Campaign Committee; Wayne Hood, Republican state chairman in Wisconsin; Robert Humphreys, former I.N.S. writer and *Newsweek* editor, in charge of publicity; Wesley Roberts, Kansas public-relations man who did brilliant work for Ike at Chicago, in charge of organization.

The Citizens Committee (2,000 Eisenhower clubs, 250,000 volunteer workers): headed by Seattle's Walter Williams and New York's Mary Lord.

DEMOCRATS

Down to Business

Adlai* Stevenson made a good first impression, but with Chicago's initial enthusiasm past, he had to face some hard realities. He was virtually unprepared for the exacting business of running for the

* Stevenson offered further clarification on how to pronounce his name, quoted Mark Twain on the subject of his vice presidential grandfather:

Philologists sweat and lexicographers bray. But the best they can do is to call him Ad-lai. But at longshoremen's picnics, where accents are high,

Fair Harvard's not present, so they call him Ad-lid.

Lomeshoremen notwithstanding, Princetonian Stevenson insists that the Harvards had no right.

presidency. He had no personal campaign staff. He did not even have a headquarters with enough paper clips and typists. The telephone lines at the governor's mansion in Springfield were inadequate. Above all, Stevenson knew that if he permitted the impression that he was being run by the Democratic National Committee, by Harry Truman and the party bosses, he would lose votes. Last week he acted fast to dispel that impression.

He appointed as his campaign manager a complete outsider, Wilson Wyatt (*see below*). Stevenson furthermore announced that the campaign would be run by him and Wyatt alone. At any mention of Harry Truman's proposed whistle-stop tour on his behalf, Stevenson remained as chilly as a racquet club elder faced with the membership application of a *nouveau riche* garage owner.

"I Ask Your Prayers." While the beginnings of a campaign staff assembled in a hastily rented, nine-room, two-story red brick house in Springfield, Stevenson told state officials to carry on as much as possible on their own, but let it be known that for the time being he had no intention of resigning as governor. (He would have a much tighter grip on the state Democratic organization as long as he was in office.) He also announced his choice for a successor: Lieutenant Governor Sherwood Dixon, 56, no ball of fire but an amiable, honest administrator, backed by Jack Arvey's powerful Cook County machine.

Meanwhile, Stevenson continued to prove himself a charming campaigner. During his four-hour train ride back from Chicago, he stopped at station after station, talked to crowds in a broiling sun. At Bloomington, his home town, he introduced his old Negro nurse, said: "If there's anything wrong with me, blame her." Later he said: "I ask your prayers."

His press-conference technique made an interesting contrast with Eisenhower's. Actually, Stevenson said "I don't know" almost as often as Ike—but never in so many words. He had a nimble way of dodging questions or turning around and tossing a counter-question at the reporters. He was quick and witty. Asked whether he thought Lieutenant Governor Dixon would be reluctant to accept the nomination for governor, Stevenson said: "From my experience with reluctance, I think he could be persuaded." Asked what had persuaded Stevenson himself to be less reluctant, he answered simply: "Sleep." Throughout, Stevenson displayed almost too much intellectual elegance: some of his well-tailored sentences wore spats. Wrote one reporter who was at the conference: "Even when he was most amusing, it seemed almost as if some inner man were monitoring his performance for later re-examination."

In the Rocking Chair. His first evening back in Springfield, Stevenson called the custodian of Lincoln's house, where Lincoln had lived between 1844 and 1861, and from where he had gone to the White House. Stevenson said he just wanted to

drop by for a visit. The door was unlocked for the governor. From 11 p.m. to midnight Adlai Stevenson stayed alone in the living room. No one is sure what he did there, but some say that for a time he sat in Abraham Lincoln's rocking chair, meditating.

Campaign Manager

A perspiring white-suited man without any luggage hustled into Springfield one day last week, went straight to the governor's mansion. There he conferred with Adlai Stevenson, darted in & out of offices, up & down stairs, made hectic telephone calls. Then he hurried home to Louisville to get some suits and shirts, intended to hurry back in a few days. He was Wilson Wyatt. Stevenson's new campaign manager.

Why? The choice was puzzling: 1) Wyatt has some local vote-getting experience, none whatever on the national scene, and has proved himself only a fair administrator; 2) he seems to be further to the left than Stevenson. His name was all but picked out of a hat.

During the Democratic Convention, a Stevenson adviser (Fred Hoehler, able director of the Illinois Department of Public Welfare) watched the governor, troubled, alone and isolated, and realized that after the nomination he would need a campaign organization fast. To Stevenson's right-hand man, Carl McGowan, he suggested Wyatt as a political adviser. Wyatt turned out to be an old pal of McGowan's. Another friend of Stevenson's (wealthy Barry Bingham of the Louisville *Courier Journal*) also turned out to be a friend of Wyatt's.

Last week the pals produced Wyatt, and Stevenson agreed. Main argument for Wyatt: he is not a "regular," will

foster the notion that Stevenson is independent of the Truman organization.

Who? Wyatt is a corporation lawyer who is usually described as "dynamic." He was born 46 years ago in Louisville, where his father rose from mule driver to director in the local streetcar company. He made his political debut in 1928 by marching in a Democratic parade together with Al Smith and Alben Barkley, all three wearing brown derbies. In 1941, he ran for mayor, new-broomed Louisville for four years (redistricting, streamlined budget, new garbage-disposal plan, etc.). In 1945, with millions of disgruntled veterans clamoring for homes, Harry Truman picked him as housing expediter.

A devout believer in economic planning, Wyatt started out with vast blueprints—2,700,000 new housing units in two years—but fell disastrously short of that goal. He antagonized the building industry, Congress, other federal agencies, eventually even the White House (*see ART*). A year after he came to Washington, he quietly got out. Washington knew him as a hard worker, good speaker and as an administrator with a passion for detail and no knack for delegating authority.

He helped found Americans for Democratic Action, was its president from 1947 to 1948, is still a member. Many regular Democrats consider him too far left for comfort. The Republicans last week promptly pounced on him with a statement by National Committee Chairman Arthur Summerfield: "This appointment should serve notice to all Americans, including independents and thoughtful Democrats, that Governor Stevenson would have an organization that would out-Truman the Truman regime in leading the nation down the road to complete socialism . . ."



WYATT & STEVENSON
One of them was president of A.D.A.

Associated Press

The Percentage

[See Cover]

On the last afternoon of the 1952 Democratic National Convention, Adlai Stevenson stepped to the microphone to sing the praises of a bulky, apple-cheeked man who stood slightly to the rear, grinning happily though his eyes were red from lack of sleep and his curly, greying hair was rumpled. Stevenson had scarcely gotten under way when careful, homespun John Jackson Sparkman, who had just been nominated for Vice President of the United States, stopped grinning, fished a cough drop out of his mouth and slipped it through a crack in the platform floor.

"There," commented an unsympathetic observer bitterly, "is a man who has every quality a Democratic candidate for Veeep needs: he's from the South." This comment contained considerable truth. Sparkman was not picked because he has a popular or party following, and certainly not because he has shown qualifications to be the heir apparent to a President. He was put on the ticket to bridge the North-South split. The leaders who picked him hope that Northern liberals will accept him despite his stand against civil rights legislation, and that uncompromising Southern conservatives will not consider him a traitor. He has been straddling the gap inside the Democratic Party of the South for so long that he was a natural prospect for the wider straddle required by the national situation of the Democratic Party. Sparkman, in fact, is so resolute a compromiser that it takes a political micrometer to tell just where he stands.

Compared to most Southern Senators, he could be considered a New Dealer. But compared to his colleague Lister Hill, the senior Senator from Alabama, Sparkman is a conservative. By accepting the vice-presidential nomination he has (in theory) accepted the Democratic platform, which favors a federal civil rights program. In the past, however, he has fought such a program. Not a leading filibusterer himself, he has defended the sacred Southern right to make such filibusters. In 1948 he voted (in effect) for Dixiecrat Strom Thurmond, yet he later played a leading part in wresting control of Alabama from the Dixiecrats. This year he was one of the last of the Southern leaders to declare for Richard Russell—and then became a top Russell aide at Chicago.

It cannot be said that Sparkman represents the resolution of the conflict between the South and the New Deal. What he represents is a desperate, often skillful, sometimes comic effort to resolve that conflict.

Cotton & College. Personally as well as politically, Sparkman is a product of the force which once bound the South to the New Deal—the economic hunger of a have-not region. One of eleven children, Sparkman was born in 1899 near Hartsville, Ala., a small (present pop. 3,429) town in the Tennessee Valley. His father, Whitten Sparkman, sharecropped 160 acres, but much preferred dabbling in pol-

itics. While Whitten Sparkman discharged the duties of his occasional political jobs—jailer, deputy sheriff or local judge—his sons chopped cotton. Sometimes the family income dropped below \$200 a year, and all of the children's clothes were the handiwork of Julia Sparkman, their gentle, Bible-reading mother.

John, whom all of his family now remember as an inveterately cheerful boy who "wouldn't let us criticize anybody," learned his ABCs at a one-room country school, later walked eight miles a day to & from Morgan County High School. In 1917 he went off to the University of Alabama with \$75 borrowed against a cotton crop. When his \$75 ran out, he wangled a \$4.20-a-week job wheelbarrowing



JOHN SPARKMAN & IVO HALL (1921)
His forfeit turned out to be a prize.

loads of coal into the university powerhouse, and ashes out of it. Trudging along on the same shift was Claude Pepper, later Senator from Florida and the South's most extreme New Dealer.

"Don't Watch a Parade . . ." Sparkman's financial difficulties did not prevent him from becoming a Big Man on the campus. One college classmate recalls: "John always used to tell me: 'Don't watch a parade . . . get in it . . . If you get in an organization . . . sit in the front row and be part of everything.'"

One of John Sparkman's many extracurricular activities was membership in the Epworth League of Tuscaloosa's First Methodist Church. At their get-togethers, the young Methodists often played a game called "Spinnin' the Pan." When his name was shouted out one night in 1919, John Sparkman failed to catch the pan before it stopped spinning. His forfeit turned

out to be a prize: to request a date of a girl he didn't know. He chose a university classmate, shy, blue-eyed little Ivo Hall, daughter of an Alabama country doctor. In 1923, when John finished law school, he and Ivo Hall were married. To support his bride, he became secretary of the college Y.M.C.A., and still has the hearty handshaking manner associated with Y.M.C.A. secretaries.

John Sparkman practiced law in Huntsville for ten years. For the first three he also taught at Huntsville College to eke out his lawyer's fees. The political itch he had developed in college stayed with him. He worked for Hugo Black's election to the Senate in 1926 and 1932, then in 1936 put in his own bid for a House seat. His campaign was so successful that a four-piece band hired by one of his opponents shifted its allegiance and played at Sparkman rallies, free.

The Protégé. In January 1937, when John Sparkman came to Washington as a friendly, serious-minded freshman, the brothers Bankhead, Congressman Will and Senator John, ruled Alabama and sometimes appeared to rule the Congress of the United States as well. (A third Bankhead, Will's daughter Tallulah, was already making strenuous efforts to incorporate Broadway and Hollywood into the family domain.) Will Bankhead, who was Speaker of the House, took the fledgling Congressman from Huntsville under his wing, and was soon telling friends: "John Sparkman is the comer in the Alabama group." Sparkman remembers Will Bankhead with affection and reverence.

While Sparkman was learning his congressional ropes, New Deal handouts began to be offset in the eyes of many Southern Democrats by New Deal centralization and cavalier treatment of states' rights. Horrified by F.D.R.'s attempt to pack the Supreme Court, a number of Southern Congressmen drifted into the first loose coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats. But Speaker Bankhead and his disciple stood firm.

In 1946 Sparkman succeeded to the Senate seat of the late John Bankhead.* Here his gift for compromise came into sharp relief when he voted to pass the Taft-Hartley Act and later voted to sustain Harry Truman's veto of the bill.

Inescapable Conflict. John Sparkman likes to reconcile—or at least patch up—opposing views, a taste which makes him a good politician. But in February 1948 came Harry Truman's call for compulsory FEPC, anti-lynching and anti-poll tax laws, a blow which forced the great majority of Southern New Dealers into the arms of Southern conservatives. For the first time John Sparkman found his loyalty to the Administration in inescapable conflict with his loyalty to the South and

* Sparkman had already been nominated for a sixth term in the House when Bankhead died, could not have dropped out of the congressional race without allowing a Republican to win it by default. To avoid that disaster, he ran simultaneously for House and Senate and won both elections—the first man in U.S. history to do so.

his own political skin. As unobtrusively as possible Sparkman chose the South. He tried to avoid public discussion of the presidential campaign. "I have my own race to run," said he, "and I don't want to get mixed up in anything else." But well before the 1948 Democratic National Convention assembled, the Alabama political climate had grown unbearably hot. Sparkman, who at the beginning of the year had been plumping for Harry Truman's renomination, now felt obliged to call on Truman not to run. Sparkman's own suggestion for Democratic nominee was Dwight Eisenhower, "a good man and one behind whom we can unite."

The Junior Senator. The Dixiecrat dilemma nearly tore the South apart. When the election was over, Sparkman joined with Senator Lister Hill and Governor Gordon Persons in a fight to insure that that dilemma would never again horn in on Alabama. The yeoman work was done by Lister Hill. Junior Senator Sparkman, whose rudimentary personal "machine" consisted largely of north Alabama farmers and his brothers of Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity, led the fight against the Dixiecrats in the "loyalist" northern section of the state. Hill, whose personal following was tremendous, carried the ball in southern Alabama, a Dixiecrat stronghold. By January of this year the two Senators had purged the state Democratic organization of Dixiecrats.

But since 1948, no Southern Congressman has been completely comfortable in his loyalty to the Democratic Party. John Sparkman, though more loyal than most, has consistently voted against attempts to force consideration of FEPC on the Senate. In April 1950 he proclaimed: "We Southern Democratic Senators—21 of us—are banded together and pledged to use every parliamentary device possible to defeat civil rights legislation." In Wash-



WILLIAM BANKHEAD
Spotted a corner.

Newsphotos



SPARKMAN AT U.N.*
Routed a Pole.

United Nations

ington last week. Sparkman refused to state whether he would support civil rights measures as Vice President.

But the Administration itself knows and admires the arts of compromise. It has been highly tolerant of such Southern opposition as Sparkman's. In 1950 the State Department selected Sparkman as one of five U.S. delegates to the U.N. General Assembly. From Andrei Vishinsky and Jacob Malik he learned something a good deal more Arctic than anything in Speaker Bankhead's zephyrus philosophy. "For the first time," said Sparkman, "I found men who were not amenable to any reason or compromise."

His greatest hour at Lake Success came when Polish Delegate Julius Katz-Suchy, in a carefully prepared oration, blasted the U.S. for its lack of a land-reform program as sweeping as that of Communist Poland. John Sparkman, son of a tenant farmer and lifelong student of U.S. farm problems, was on his feet the minute Katz-Suchy sat down. With no preparation, Sparkman delivered a brilliant speech, pulling out of his head facts & figures which completely routed the Pole.

Modest Vision. In their 16 years in the capital, John and Ivo Sparkman have built themselves a quiet, pleasant life. His wife, who dislikes housework, is on the federal payroll at about \$3,000 a year as a secretary in Sparkman's office. They live in a three-bedroom, white brick house in Washington's Spring Valley, which they bought in 1948. Their only child, handsome, 28-year-old Julia Ann (who plans to campaign for her dad), lives with them at present; her husband, Navy Lieut. Commander Tazewell Shepard Jr., is awaiting orders to carrier duty.

No man for the social whirl. John Sparkman relaxes by gardening, sometimes shoots a "terrible" game of golf (low 100s). A staunch Methodist, he teaches an adult Bible class at Wash-

ton's Hamline Church. (In 1944, when asked to describe his idea of Heaven, Sparkman offered this modest vision: "... Heaven must afford an opportunity of again meeting... our loved ones... I am sure that in Heaven there must be an opportunity for purposeful work, always with a glorious accomplishment rather than a failure as the result...")

In the Senate, Sparkman has not been a standout on the floor. He is most effective in Senate committees (Foreign Relations, Banking & Currency and Small Business). His conduct at meetings has rarely varied. He begins by reading a newspaper, then falls into what seems to be a peaceful snooze. When the contending factions have shouted themselves into a near temper, John Sparkman will open his eyes, lean forward and quietly tell the most belligerent group: "We've got to give consideration to that..." Then, displaying knowledge of the facts which had apparently put him to sleep, Sparkman will work toward a practical, mutually acceptable solution.

"We Don't Like Bones." On paper, Compromiser Sparkman looks like a good choice in the Democratic effort to patch up a North-South compromise. In fact, the choice of Sparkman has had little effect so far on the party in the South. Dissident Southern leaders, mildly pleased by Stevenson's nomination, tend to be contemptuous of Sparkman. The basic Southern objection to him is clearly expressed by a supporter of Georgia's Herman Talmadge: "Sparkman is as bad a left-winger as the rest, except on the civil rights issue." Says Herman himself: "Sparkman was just a bone tossed to the South. We don't like bones. We'll be a little less than enthusiastic."

But John Sparkman is not a man who

* With Secretary of State Dean Acheson and U.N. Delegate Eleanor Roosevelt.

pects or seeks full-blown enthusiasm. Says one of his Senate colleagues: "John always looks at the percentage of gain. He's shooting not for 100% but for 50 or 80%." In the coming election, Sparkman will be doing well if he adds 2 or 3% to the Democratic vote in the South. But that small percentage may be extremely useful. For there may be some close fights in a number of Southern states—particularly Texas, Virginia and Florida—and Sparkman's continual search for an angle here and a formula there may help to reunite a divided party.

TENNESSEE

44 v. 83

For at least four years, Tennessee's able Representative Albert Gore has had his eye on the seat of the oldest U.S. Senator (in years of service), doddering, dozing Kenneth D. McKellar. From 1950 on, Gore carefully laid the groundwork by commuting to Tennessee almost every



CANDIDATE GORE*

Among the issues: roads, rheumatism & rank.

week for "nonpolitical" speeches. After McKellar had announced he would seek a seventh term in the Senate (which no man has ever had), Gore made his own pointed announcement: "I raise but one principal issue: Who is best fitted to serve the state and nation in the U.S. Senate for the next six years?"

"Hoop-dee-Doo." After his announcement last February, the black-haired young (44) seventh-term Congressman began stumping the state on an eight-speech-a-day schedule. His "principal issue" was dramatized in a song to the tune of *Hoop-dee-doo*, which proclaimed: "Go with Gore—Albert Gore. He's wise and able and he's just forty-four . . ." Tennessee politicians and pundits began to say he would beat McKellar two to one.

This was a new challenge for frock-coated Kenneth McKellar. He has had no serious opposition in his last five elections. In 1940 and 1946, he didn't even bother to campaign. But now the source

* An accomplished hillbilly fiddler, Gore used his talent in congressional campaigns, shelved it in favor of dignity this year.

of his greatest political power—the well-oiled machine of Memphis Boss E. H. Crump—was still sputtering from the ditching Senator Estes Kefauver and Governor Gordon Browning gave it in 1948. There was nothing for McKellar to do but go back to Tennessee and show himself to the voters.

Last month he flew home, and at Cookeville attracted a crowd of more than 10,000—the biggest political gathering in Tennessee this year. For 51 minutes McKellar clung to a tall table to support himself, and spoke in a surprisingly strong voice. Once he picked up a glass of water, but his hand was shaking so violently that he had to put it down without drinking it.

"A Little Rheumatism." McKellar picked up Gore's issue: "I have a little rheumatism in my left leg. The truth is—and I frankly admit I'm 83 years old—the truth is that I have done more work in the last six months than in any six months of my life." Then he boasted of his accomplishments at the pork barrel, dwelling on



John Malone; International

CANDIDATE McKELLAR

the federal money and projects he has obtained for Tennessee (e.g., TVA, Oat Ridge, Great Smoky Mountains Park). He promised more: "I would like to stay in the Senate long enough to have a four-lane highway from Bristol to Memphis and three four-lane highways across the middle of the state."²⁰

After Cookeville, McKellar settled down to a hotel-room, handshaking campaign. He tried to be pleasant to the voters, a real effort for a man as crusty as McKellar. His friends tried to give Gore's issue a full turn. If the old man is defeated, they said, Tennessee will have two "junior" Senators and no influence in Washington. McKellar, who has ruthlessly used his power to fatten his friends and crush his enemies, talked of his appropriations committee as "the most powerful . . . in the world," and pointed out that it

* One of McKellar's first bills in the House of Representatives in 1911 was for federal expenditures on highways, then a radical idea. He had been forced to ship his new Packard to Washington by rail, because there were no passable roads out of Memphis.

took him 20 years to become its chairman.

This week, as Tennessee Democrats went to vote for McKellar or Gore in their primary (almost tantamount to election), political observers thought rheumatic old "K.D." had pulled up on Gore, and had made it a neck & neck race.

ARMED FORCES

S-s-s-s-s-s Damn!

In July 1776, General George Washington issued an order banning profanity⁹ in the Continental Armies. He wrote: "That unmeaning and abominable custom—swearing." Last week in Tokyo, an Army chaplain, Lieut. Colonel Lisle Bartholomew, set out to discourage profanity in the 25th Infantry Division by reminding its soldiers that General Washington's order had never been rescinded. Perhaps mindful that it had seldom been obeyed either, he ended up by sanctioning one four-letter word: "A healthy damn," he said, "will tend to let off steam [but] the others . . . are to be detested."

THE ATOM

The Long-Run Carrier

Four years ago, the U.S. Navy began toying with a design for an aircraft carrier of unprecedented range, to be powered by an atomic engine. Last week the Atomic Energy Commission gave the plan a bright green light, contracted with Westinghouse Electric to build an atomic reactor "suitable for propulsion of large naval vessels, such as aircraft carriers."

The contract signified White House and Pentagon approval of the Navy's three-year campaign to get started on the revolutionary carrier, a campaign bound up in the argument between Navy and Air Force over the Navy's persistent attempts to edge into the Air Force's field of strategic bombing. In 1948, Navy Captain Hyman Rickover, an engineering officer and atomic specialist working on an atomic submarine design (TIME, Sept. 3, 1951), convinced Navy brass that an atomic carrier was possible too. The Navy held its fire until it had sold the submarine plan to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, knowing that the early developmental work on the submarine could apply as well to the engine for the new carrier. Then, a year ago, Navy Boss Admiral William Fechteler took the carrier plan to the Joint Chiefs, argued with the Air Force for three months, and finally won J.C.S. approval on the ground that an atomic carrier had a logical place in the Navy's role of keeping control of the seas.

If Westinghouse's dry-land development of the atomic engine is successful, the seagoing version probably will be fitted into a flush-deck carrier of the new 60,000-ton *Forrestal* class.

* Washington himself could curse too in his infrequent outbursts of temper: General Charles Scott recalled that Washington, when dressing down General Charles Lee for retreating at the battle of Monmouth, swore "until the leaves shook on the trees."

The atomic carrier will be able to dispense with fuel oil tanks and bulky engine flues. This will make it considerably more watertight than its predecessors, will greatly increase the storage space available for fuel and bombs for its jet planes. The atomic engine will run a steam turbine, which, in turn, will drive four screws and put out a speed upwards of 40 knots. The extra speed will allow the carrier to land and launch heavy Douglas A-3D attack bombers (which can carry A-bombs).

Last week in its twelfth semi-annual report, the AEC gave the U.S. a few other dazzling glimpses of atomic energy plans. Items:

¶ The U.S. will soon add to its foreign sources for uranium (now principally the Belgian Congo and Canada) by imports from Australia and South Africa.

¶ Domestically, the AEC has developed uranium mines on the Colorado Plateau (where it is building 783 miles of new roads), has found good prospects in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

¶ In Joliet, Ill., the Blockson Chemical Co. will soon begin full-scale production of uranium from a new source, phosphoric acid.

¶ Barely started on its new \$3.5 billion expansion program, the AEC already employs about 3% of the total construction force of the nation.

RACES

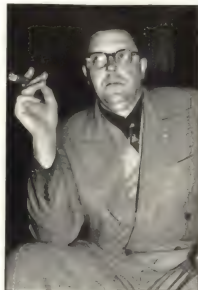
A Flogging for the Klan

During 1951, night marauders, robed and hooded, terrorized the residents of Columbus County, N.C. Thirteen citizens—three Negroes, ten whites—were dragged out of their homes and flogged by the Ku Klux Klan (TIME, Feb. 25). The revived Klan was determined to run things in the county and the state.

The first victim was a 38-year-old Negro woman named Evergreen Flowers. Forty or so Klansmen stormed her house one night, chased her husband away, shot up the place with a hundred bullets, gagged the woman with her slip, tied her legs with plow lines and beat her with sticks and gun butts. Just why she was flogged was not clear. Klansmen said vaguely that she had been "running around with white men." Others were flogged for not attending church regularly, cursing near women, drinking too much.

While residents of Columbus County bolted their doors, FBI men and state police went to work. They rounded up more than three score Klansmen, including "the big one," Thomas Hamilton, who had quit his wholesale grocery business in Leesville, S.C., to become the full-time Imperial Wizard of the Klan in the Carolinas, had boasted that he would reawaken the Klan all over the U.S.

Last week, in Whiteville, the Klan got the hardest legal flogging in its history. Superior Court Judge Clawson Williams sentenced Wizard Hamilton, who had pleaded guilty, to four years in prison for conspiracy to assault. Fifteen of Hamil-



IMPERIAL WIZARD HAMILTON

A pleasure to whip hell out of him.

ton's sheet-wearers got sentences averaging three years each, and 49 others were fined a total of \$18,250. Even Hamilton's top lieutenant in Columbus County, Ex-Constable Early Brooks, already sentenced to prison, was glad to see the wizard get it. "Somebody ought to be assigned to whip hell outa him," said Brooks. "And I'd like to be the man."

Judge Williams, speaking for himself and the other North Carolina officials who had dared to go after the organization many a Southern officeholder fears, summed up the case in a sentence: "The time has not come in North Carolina when a man must barricade himself in his home with the setting sun."



Spaulding, N.C.

CHARLES C. SPAULDING

He believed in the promise of America.

High Reach, High Mark

"As for myself," wrote the president of the \$35 million North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Co. in 1948, regarding his tour of 15 European countries, "I shall always feel grateful that my ancestors were transplanted to North America. It is the best place in the world that I have found to live and leave one's mark." The president's name was Charles Clinton Spaulding. Last week, at the age of 78, he died in Durham, N.C. And the mark he left was a high mark, made with a very long reach, for Charles Spaulding was a Negro, the son of slaves, born in a North Carolina log cabin ten years after emancipation.

Instead of Charity. At 20, Charles struck out from the farm for Durham, because Durham had a colored school that went up to the eighth grade. At night he washed dishes (at \$10 a month) in a hotel, after spending his days in school with a classful of youngsters half his size. After "graduation," his uncle and a barber decided to form the nation's first Negro life insurance company because they were fed up with the custom of "Pass the hat so we can bury this brother." They took on Charles as their first agent.

Selling insurance to the colored people of North Carolina was a matter of squeezing nickel and dime payments from disbelieving clients across the countryside. Stunned by the untimely death of an early client (six weeks after his first payment) the owners had to dig in their own pockets to pay off the \$40 policy. But the payment gave them a reputation and sent Spaulding hurrying over to the nearest agent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. to learn about life expectancies.

The insurance company thrived, especially after it began putting ads on cuspidors and clinical thermometers. The founders branched out into the Mechanics and Farmers Bank, and in the early '20s Spaulding became president of the bank and president of the insurance company. He built the company into the largest Negro-staffed organization in the world, and made himself one of the wealthiest Negroes in the U.S., took a special interest in helping young Negroes start in private business. Through it all he lived his faith in U.S. capitalism, a hard-tested faith that survived taunts of Negroes who hated him for his genial cooperation with whites, and taunts of whites who hated his prosperity.

A Pattern to Follow. "I was well on my way to success before I ever left the farm," he once wrote. "My father had already taught me the most important lessons I have ever learned . . . Benjamin Spaulding believed in the promise of America. He never became disillusioned because, unlike so many, he had never expected something for nothing. His success story is vastly more impressive than mine could ever be, because—starting with the Emancipation—he had to work out a completely new pattern of existence. All I have had to do was to try to follow the excellent pattern he developed."

CRIME

"Give It to Me"

As a boy in Brooklyn, mop-haired, zoot-suited Barry Jacobs had every opportunity to get sharpened up. His father, a bail bondsman, not only made a lucrative career out of springing prostitutes for onetime Crime King "Lucky" Luciano, but turned state's evidence when the roof fell in and got off without a bruise. Barry, however, was both stupid and unlucky. He had hardly started a career as a hold-up man at the age of 16 before he was nabbed by the cops. At 18 he found himself doing time in a reformatory. Last week, out on parole and 20, he swaggered out to try again.

He called on one John Green, a young Negro he had known in prison, "bought" a .22 pistol from him for \$20, and invited Green along because he had "a good job setup in The Bronx." On the way, they prowled a dark Greenwich Village street, stuck up a frightened couple and stole \$12. But by 12:30, as he led Green aimlessly around The Bronx, it became embarrassingly evident that he hadn't really planned a big robbery at all.

Just then, however, an automobile stopped and was parked near the shadows in which Jacobs and Green were loitering. A woman got out of it and headed for a nearby house. The driver, a middle-aged man, stayed behind to lock the automobile's doors. Jacobs muttered, "This is it." He sidled up to the man, poked him in the ribs with the pistol and ordered him to get back behind the wheel. The victim, a warehouse supervisor named Alfred McCullough, obeyed without a word. Green climbed in beside him. The pistol-waving Jacobs got into the back seat.

Then there were sudden complications. McCullough's son-in-law, 22-year-old William Hopkins, had driven up with his wife in another automobile. He ran across the pavement yelling, "What's the matter, Pop?" Jacobs ordered the son-in-law into the back seat. But before McCullough could start the car, the two wives came running up. One saw the pistol and screamed.

Jacobs began shooting. He put two bullets in Hopkins, who leaped out, cried "Please help me!" staggered up on a nearby porch and fell dead. He shot a hole through McCullough's right ear. He fired fruitlessly at the women. Green ran. Jacobs leaped out, dropped the gun and sprinted wildly down the street. The police found him only half an hour later, hiding on a nearby roof. He confessed, rattled on his pal Green and cried dramatically: "If you've got me, give it to me. I don't care if I burn anyhow." The cops, who had listened to Hopkins' sobbing wife and brokenhearted mother, set out to do their best to accommodate him.

NEW JERSEY

Moonbeam McSwine's Fate

With creams, unguents, sprays, scented waters, chlorophyll tablets and electronically-treated toilet tissues, the U.S. relentlessly wars on the odors of nature. This preoccupation with the offcitable has made social outcasts of millions who are, in the language of the ads, not dainty, including Lil Abner's Moonbeam McSwine. The latest victim is a town—probably at the moment the most deeply disgraced town in the U.S. For, like Moonbeam McSwine, Secaucus, N.J. (pop. 9,750 people and 75,000 pigs) has B.O.

Do Horses Smell Better? Secaucus, at the heart of a vast trash-filled marsh known, euphemistically, as the Meadows, is bounded by the ever dirty Hackensack River and two sloughy creeks. Most of its small, bedraggled residential section is huddled on a hill, which rises, like a precarious reef from a mounting sea, above a tide of pigs. The citizens of Secaucus on their hill rarely sniff the full exhalation of the piggeries; but the town's neighbors do, and so do millions of travelers who pass through by rail or over the New Jersey Turnpike. For years the authorities have tried to make New Jersey's Moonbeam a little daintier. Further expansion of pig farming was forbidden in 1948 (with the result that the pigs became more & more crowded). Reluctant industry was urged to move to Secaucus, and even now plans are under way to build a race track there, possibly on the theory that horses smell better than pigs.

Last week New Jersey's Governor Alfred Driscoll struck a bitter blow at Secaucus. The town, he said, was not a good advertisement for New Jersey—not good at all. The pig farms would have to be cleaned up, "or else." He knew, he added, that it was quite feasible to raise pigs without "an accompanying stench."

Needed: Chanel. Driscoll drew an angry reply from one Henry Krajewski, 40, prominent Secaucus pig farmer and candidate for the presidency of the U.S. on the "Poor Man's Party" ticket (TIME, March 17). He scoffed at Driscoll's assertion that pigs could be raised daintily. "Sure, millionaires can do it," said Krajewski. "Doris Duke did it in Somerville. They tie perfume bottles on the pigs, but the average farmer can't afford such luxury." Furthermore, said Krajewski, it wasn't just Secaucus and it wasn't just pigs. The industrial areas near the Pulaski Skyway, he said, smell like embalming fluid: "Linden has assorted smells from paint and oil . . . There are chemical and acid smells, and Kopper's coke with its terrible smoke. Out in Manville, there is the asbestos smell . . . And in Newark, you should smell the markets in the morning. No one complains about them!"

Governor Driscoll retorted stiffly: "There is a vast difference between the stink that assaults citizens as they cross the Meadows, and the industrial smells that occasionally accompany large-scale operations."

Agricultural experts, getting into the argument, explained that it was indeed possible to raise pigs free of undue smells, even without the perfume method, by 1) feeding them grain rather than raw garbage, and 2) giving them lots of room and air. In Secaucus the pigs get garbage, from New York's best restaurants, and are as tightly packed together as the customers at these restaurants. How Governor Driscoll and the forces of daintiness would deal with the problem remained to be seen. Meanwhile, Henry Krajewski had the last word. "Now the smell is in the ground," he said, "not without a note of triumph. 'They'll never get rid of it.'"



N.Y. Daily News

MURDER VICTIM WILLIAM HOPKINS
A young punk is ready to burn.

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

In Mourning

Rarely has there been such a display of public feeling as the frenzied mourning of Eva Perón.

Last week, in near-freezing rain, some 700,000 Argentines made pilgrimage to her bier in Buenos Aires.* Most waited for more than 15 hours to get a 20-second peek at Eva's thin and wasted face—and often at Juan Perón, who kept long vigils at her glass-topped casket. Sixteen persons were killed, crushed and trampled by the throngs; 3,900 were in hospitals with injuries; thousands of others got first aid. In the 20-block, four-abreast queue were infants in arms and a 102-year-old woman who cried, "I've never known real pain before." To feed the multitude, the army set up 24 field kitchens, gave away sandwiches, oranges, coffee. The street outside Evita's resting place was packed with 2,340 funeral wreaths, costing \$2,000,000.

Away from the bier, there were other extravagant tributes:

¶ The Union of Workers and Employees of the Food Industry cabled a request to Pope Pius XII to canonize Evita.

¶ Minister of Public Health Ramón Carrillo ordered a 220-lb. candle, the height of Evita (5 ft. 5 in.), to be installed in the ministry and lighted for an hour on the 26th day of every month (the day Evita died). Carrillo thought the candle would last 100 years or more.

¶ Schoolkids got prizes for poems and essays praising Evita. They were also told that she "got sick because she kissed the ill, the lepers, the consumptives."

¶ Carlos Aloé, super-Peronista governor of Buenos Aires province, fired an employee who refused to wear a black tie. A Buenos Aires youth was arrested for laughing on a streetcar. "Attitudes like this are antisocial," said Aloé.

¶ Evita's political cronies in high office, who stand to retain power if they can keep her memory alive, formed an "Association of Friends of Eva Perón" and asked, "What would Christ have been without his disciples?" (Eva's disciples, presumably, will be wanting to look after the more than \$100 million which annually pours into her Social Aid Foundation, a "charity" which is Argentina's biggest business and keeps no accounting of funds.)

So clamorous was the public lamentation that Evita's funeral was postponed indefinitely. Instead, the government planned to move her body this weekend to Congress, there to lie briefly in state. Then her closed casket will go to the headquarters of the great labor federation she controlled, to stay until a downtown monument tomb can be completed.

PERU

A Conqueror Moved

A onetime swineherd, cruel Francisco Pizarro, conquered the Incas and in 1535 founded the city of Lima. After laying out a great square, which he called the Plaza de Armas, he placed the cornerstone for a cathedral on the eastern side. Then he allotted spaces for a city hall and a governor's palace, to be occupied by himself. In the middle, he added a touch of his own, a gibbet.

The gibbet has long since given way to a graceful fountain, but Pizarro's spirit still inhabits the Plaza de Armas. His mummy, bones protruding through dark yellow skin, lies in a glass case in the ca-



FRANCISCO PIZARRO
In the cathedral, mummified.

thedral. Lima's charter, kept in the city hall, shows the double loop the illiterate conqueror used as a signature. The fig tree he planted at the palace still lives. In 1935, there was added a 25-foot statue of Pizarro on horseback, which dominated the plaza from a lofty pedestal rising out of the cathedral's steps.

The statue has long been the subject of hot criticism. Many thought, as the newspaper *La Prensa* said, that the monument "interfered with the architectural ensemble of the cathedral and the cardinal's palace." Others argued that the sword-brandishing statue was "too warlike a figure to stand in front of a church." And Peru's inarticulate Indians never saw any reason to glorify the man they still consider no better than a heroic butcher. But the church-front spot for the statue also had its defenders, who thought it a "commanding position from which he could seem to keep watch over the city he had laid out and founded 400 years before."

Last week the old conqueror was moved. City architects, demolishing some buildings to give a clear vista toward one side of the big presidential palace which has replaced Pizarro's old palace, created a small park plainly in need of embellishment. So they simply sent around a crane which plucked the 63-ton statue of Pizarro from its old base and set it in the park. The conqueror's bronze eyes are still within eyeshot of the plaza he founded, but, as one of his defenders indignantly protested, "they have shoved him from the parlor to the basement."

COLOMBIA

Religious Peace?

Hope rose last week for a truce in Colombia's bitter religious strife. A Colombian Catholic, José María Chaves, 29, now teaching at Queens College, New York, and worried about anti-Protestant violence in his homeland, suggested a formula for peace. Its gist: Protestants should agree to a missionary quota, stop publicizing persecution unless new attacks occur, limit preaching to churches, avoid attacking Catholic dogmas and priests. The Roman Catholic Church and the pro-Catholic government should agree to denounce and punish anti-Protestant assaults, guarantee freedom of worship.

Such an agreement, Chaves hoped, would make the missions of some 30,000 Protestants acceptable in the predominantly Catholic country of 11 million, and cool off inflamed passions which have, during the past three years, brought death to 25 Protestants, hundreds of attacks on them, and the stoning, burning and dynamiting of their churches.

In Bogotá, Foreign Minister Juan Uribe Holguín promised a government statement on Chaves' plan. Most Colombia Protestants seemed likely to support it, though a few sects might demand complete freedom or martyrdom. Colombia's Catholic hierarchy would probably cast the decisive vote for or against tolerance.

CANADA

Anti-Communist Agent

Canada's pioneer hunter of Communists retired last week. Royal Canadian Mounted Police Superintendent John Leopold had spent seven years (1921-28) as an undercover agent in the Canadian Communist Party, had helped convict eight Communist leaders of sedition in 1931 and presented the chief evidence against the Red espionage ring in 1946. Last week John Leopold let fly against the "apathy, indifference and complacency" of the Canadians who feel that Communists are less dangerous now because party membership has dropped. Said he: "You can't gauge a potential fifth column in terms of numerical strength. The Communists have stripped away their dead wood and are more dangerous now than ever."

* A celebrated U.S. outpouring of grief over a popular idol's death, the mourning in Manhattan over Rudolph Valentino in 1926, attracted a mere 50,000.

NEWS IN PICTURES



HOUSTON: New \$28,643,521 Freeway, which runs to Galveston 50 miles away, took six years to build, is longest toll-free highway opened in U.S. since World War II.

Harper Leiser



BUENOS AIRES: Torch-carrying mourners, in night-long demonstration around Plaza de Mayo's



HELGOLAND: 130-acre "Gibraltar of the North Sea," commanding northwest coast of Germany, and finally returned to West German

Federal Republic by Great Britain, shows total devastation caused by R.A.F. and U.S. fliers who used it as postwar bombing target.



United Press
outsized, black-draped photo, were among 700,000 who paid a last frenzied tribute to Evita Perón.



Combine
BOMBAY: A swarm of workers, using ancient hand-to-hand methods, pass bowls of concrete to raise a modern apartment building, and help ease city's housing shortage.



Reconstruction of the shambled town, dominated by a wartime flak tower (now a lighthouse), is expected to take at least five years;

Black Star
2,500 Helgolanders, scattered across Germany, can then return to the onetime naval base, which was also a popular summer resort.

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Global Squawk

Exactly six months ago, the U.S. and its principal allies at Lisbon initiated the master blueprint for European defense. By the end of 1952, they would mobilize the 50 combat divisions that Supreme Commander Dwight D. Eisenhower considered the rock-bottom minimum needed to contain a Soviet attack. During 1953-54, if all went well, NATO's armies would be doubled, its air force would reach parity with the Red air force. All did not go well.

Last week the whole painfully reconstructed system of U.S. military alliances, paid for in the main by higher U.S. taxes and devoted in the main to the defense of Europe, was gripped by a disheartening inertia that threatened not to wreck it, but to delatate it. There were sulks and angry words in many of the world's capitals, and, as usual, it is the U.S. that is blamed most of all—the nation that pays the piper but is still unable to call the tune clearly. "The U.S. got us into this," was the refrain that rose up in Europe. "The U.S. must bail us out."

Each ally had its special squawk:

Great Britain, forced to choose between arms and exports, slowed down rearmament (see FOREIGN NEWS). "It is no part of our hopes or wishes," observed Tory President of the Board of Trade Peter Thorneycroft to the American Chamber of Commerce in London, "that the citizens of the U.S. should tax themselves into poverty in order that their country might become the soup kitchen of the Western world. We want to pay our way . . . We ask a fair deal for our exporters . . . free and fair competition with your own producers." It was Thorneycroft's way of saying that high U.S. tariffs are partly to blame for Britain's troubles.

Spain, a half-ally, half-wooded last year by Senator Pat McCarran's "special" \$100 million appropriation (which President Truman has refused to deliver), was playing hard to get over the naval and air bases the U.S. wanted. Franco's price: \$125 million in MSA funds and an ironclad guarantee that the U.S. will fly to Spain's defense in the event of war with Russia.

Iran's Parliament listened to hot-headed demands that Premier Mossadegh expel the U.S. Mission which helps train the 140,000-man Iranian army. Mossadegh let it be known that he might prefer Yankee dollars to Yankee soldiers.

France was the week's prize squawker. The French government pulled a dismayingly political tantrum because the U.S. said no to its request for an additional \$625 million aid. The U.S. was willing to give the French \$187 million more, and suggested that Paris should try to make ends meet on that. This \$187 million is an addition to all other U.S. aid to France, which this year amounted to about \$1 billion. Parisian hotbeds leaked stories to

the papers alleging that unless the U.S. paid up, France would 1) go bankrupt and possibly Communist, 2) pull out of Indo-China, 3) forbid German rearmament, 4) haul the U.S. before the NATO Council for winking on its obligations. Premier Antoine Pinay fumed Gallicly because his budget, which he had promised to balance without increasing taxes, had been worked out on the assumption that the U.S. would fork over. Pinay sent French Ambassador Henri Bonnet to the State Department with an indignant protest. Said Bonnet afterwards: "The two governments did not see the question with the same eye."

That was the crux of the matter. After promising to produce 15 divisions and



JEAN MONNET

Carl Stefan Perutz

"The people of Europe want a change."

2,500 combat aircraft within three years, the French handed out contracts with patriotic verve, but reckoned all along that MSA would pick up the tab for most of the jet fighters and jeeps, all the tanks and nearly all the heavy artillery.

Washington's reaction to the French request was: "Preposterous."

WESTERN EUROPE

Voice of the Optimist

History's mantle sat lightly last week on the shoulders of the cheery-cheeked Frenchman as he sat breakfasting in the garden in his dressing gown, eating honey and yoghurt. Six nations this week crowned him a civilian Mr. Europe. They made him first president of the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community (Schuman Plan). The Schuman Plan is rightly named for Foreign Minister Schuman, who alone among Frenchmen had the moral authority to propose it successfully

to Europe (TIME, March 1, 1948). But it was Jean Monnet who conceived the plan and did the behind-the-scenes selling.

Eating in the garden, Monnet described the revolution that he hopes to bring to Europe in words that echoed a deep sense of destiny. "The people of Europe want a change," he said. "This new Community is a revolution in Europe, perhaps the greatest Europe has known. We are embarked on the liberation of Europe from its past."

Liberation there will be for 155 million Europeans if the Coal-Steel plan achieves its objective: the creation in Europe of an American-style expanding mass market, clean of petty tariffs. By pooling six nations' annual coal outputs, totaling 220 million tons, and their steel production of 38 million tons, by freeing labor to meet manpower supply & demand without passports, by crushing the tight cartels that keep production low and prices high, the Coal-Steel Community could liberate Europeans from ration cards, ersatz clothing, queues and slums. It might also blaze the trail towards a politically united Europe, free of ugly nationalisms, and able to support itself.

We Must Create Europe, Dapper Jean Monnet, 63, a rare hardheaded optimist in a pessimistic Europe, intends all this. "We are not dealing merely with the pooling of coal and steel," he observed last week. "We are creating a new political reality." No man is better qualified to do the job of creating, for the "Little Howitzer," as his friends call him, has the driving power of an armor-piercing shell. When he gets hold of an idea, he never lets go. "If he were put under an anesthetic," said a friend last week, "he would still keep repeating 'We've got to create Europe' as they wheeled him into the operating room."

In his globe-girdling career, Monnet has sold bonds in Wall Street, peddled French brandy to the fur trappers of Hudson's Bay, liquidated a Swedish match company, and served in wartime Washington as a British diplomat purchasing arms (his French passport carried a covering letter written by Winston Churchill).

Born the son of a French brandy maker in the little town of Cognac, he quit school at 16, in plenty of time to earn a million dollars by the time he was 40. During World War I he pooled French and British shipping; in the Depression he lost his first million, and in the '30s he became one of the world's most active and least-known financial backroom boys, Monnet's influence on events has often been decisive. It was Monnet's insistence that the Allies should place large aircraft orders in the U.S. just before World War II that led to the quadrupling of U.S. output, and the production of vital airplane engines that helped win the Battle of Britain. It was his idea for a Franco-British Union that Winston Churchill put forward when France was falling in 1940.

Change Brings Change. But it was France's postwar adoption of Monnet's plan to modernize French basic industries that first brought Europe's antique trade barriers and obsolescent machinery into the Little Howitzer's firing line. Then came the Schuman Plan for Europe. Monnet stumped the continent tirelessly, lambasting cynics and pessimists. "Just get the plan started," he would say, "and the whole framework of your difficulties will change for the better." He bristled with a sense of adventure: "I believe in the dynamic process which is life itself. A change brings a change."

Monnet was the unanimous choice of all six member nations as president of the nine-man High Authority that will set the Community up in business. First, he expects to work out a mutually profitable liaison with the only major European coal & steel producer not included in the Community: Britain. "I know the British," chuckles Monnet. "No Frenchman is more ready than I to establish cooperation with them. But I want real cooperation."

But what of the Russians, the bogeyman of all European planning? Over his yoghurt Monnet smiles confidently. "I believe we often think too much about Russia... The day may come when we will get a look inside there, and find out that there is not really so much as we had thought."

CONFERENCES

Truman v. Truman

The foreign ministers of Australia and New Zealand, Richard G. Casey and T. Clifton Webb, pulled up chairs around a green baize table at Kaneohe Marine Air Station in Honolulu this week, full of announced eagerness, to face Secretary of State Dean Acheson, whose mission was to send them away disappointed.

They met to add a new word to the language—Anzus (for Australia, New Zealand, U.S.). Sixteen months ago, faced by New Zealand's and Australia's reluctance to sign the Japanese Peace Treaty, President Truman announced a Pacific pact of the three powers to guarantee one another's security.

Australia and New Zealand accepted enthusiastically, and signed the Tripartite Security Treaty (as well as the Japanese treaty). Australian Prime Minister Robert Menzies beamed: "One of the great events in international affairs." Sir Carl Berendsen, New Zealand's ambassador to the U.S., said: "This is much more than a scrap of paper."

From the start, the Pentagon stupidly balked at giving definite security guarantees to Australia and New Zealand. President Truman and Dean Acheson, careless of Pacific affairs, fiddled & faddled. When President Truman's Pentagon refused to send any top brass to the Anzus meeting, President Truman's Acheson thought he better go in person, in the hope that his prestige would give the meeting standing, and help to disguise the U.S. failure to offer anything concrete to her eager Pacific partners.

WAR IN ASIA

Coup Undone

One of the neatest Communist maneuvers of the Chinese civil war was pulled off in November 1949 at Hong Kong's airfield, where 82 Nationalist transport planes had been flown in to presumed safety. Subverted by agents, most of their Chinese crews defected to the Reds. They grabbed eleven of the planes and took off for Mao's mainland. Hong Kong authorities announced that British recognition of the Communist government—then expected momentarily—would automatically give the Reds possession of the remaining 71 planes by right of inheritance. It was strange logic, explainable only by



CLAIRE CHENNAULT

United Press

The first Communist defeat in the East.

Hong Kong's greedy haste to make friends with Mao.

Shooting Away. The Nationalists reacted quickly. Before Britain formally recognized the Reds in January 1950, they had sold the planes to Civil Air Transport, Inc. (C.A.T.), a corporation chartered in the U.S. by Major General Claire Chennault of wartime Flying Tiger fame, long-time air adviser to Chiang Kai-shek. Then came two years of expensive court cases; each time, the Hong Kong courts upheld the Communist claim to the planes. Red guards were admitted to the British airfield where the planes were parked; they shoed away all visitors. Finally Chennault took his appeal to Britain's court of last resort, the Lords of Appeal of the high & mighty Privy Council in London. Bewigged Sir Hartley Shawcross, Q.C., Laborite attorney general and now a top-

priced barrister, pleaded Chennault's case.

Last week the Communist coup of 1949 was dramatically undone. The Privy Council reversed the Hong Kong judgments. A few hours later, at 2 a.m., 500 heavily armed British police and troops descended upon the Hong Kong airfield. They seized the disputed planes, rounded up 150 sleepy Communist guards who sullenly chanted Red songs as they were hauled away in trucks. Two days later, 40 of the planes bearing the insignia CATC (for the former Central Air Transport Corp.) were turned over to C.A.T. The remaining 31, involved in similar litigation, will unquestionably be awarded to C.A.T., too.

The seizure was a conspicuous loss of face for the Communists; it was also an important economic blow. The disputed planes (mostly C-46s and DC-3s, plus six DC-4s and five Convairs), along with thousands of spare parts, are worth an estimated \$30 million, the biggest piece of airline property in East Asia. The Communists expecting to hang on to the planes, had kept most of them carefully mothballed and in good condition. Hong Kong nervously got set for reprisals against British business.

Keeping Away. Vacationing at his home in Monroe, La., Chennault announced that his Formosa-based C.A.T.—which operates a fleet of 30 airliners over 3,100 miles of airways from Tokyo to Bangkok—will first overhaul, then charter or sell the planes. Said Chennault: "My interest is to keep them away from the Reds. This is the first Communist defeat in the Far East. That's the thing I take the most pride in."

The Dregs of Hope

In Seoul last week, Eighth Army Commander General James A. Van Fleet drank from the cup of pessimism. "To me," he said, "recent trends indicate less chance of an armistice than ever before." Van Fleet noted that the Communist army commanders, apparently sharing his view, had "spread out" their front-line forces "to wait out the end of the war." Van Fleet offered a familiar but often disregarded antidote to the poisonous gloom which has settled over Korea: "The best way to win this war is by bringing pressure on the enemy, inflicting more casualties and damage than he can take." Van Fleet sent his soldiers in to capture "Old Baldy," a tactical hill on the west Korean front which has changed hands several times in the past month. But the week's heaviest blow was delivered by the Air Force.

From bases on Okinawa and Japan, the Far East Bomber Command sent out 63 B-29s to bomb the plant of the Oriental Light Metals Co. (prewar production: 40,000 metric tons of aluminum a year), situated four miles from the Yalu and eight miles from the Communist's big jet-fighter base at Antung. It was the biggest single-target night air strike of the Korean war.

As for the truce talks, they recessed again for a week.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Poor Performance

Winston Churchill's cabinet employed everything but billboard posters to ballyhoo the show in advance. "We are going to have a two days' debate," announced the Prime Minister, "at which very grave and far-reaching matters affecting every branch of our national life . . ." will be discussed. The cabinet met for several days in emergency session; newsmen collected hint after hint that the Conservatives, after nine unhappy months back in power, had at last hammered out a tough and effective economic policy for Great Britain.

Last week the performance so portentously touted and so expectantly awaited opened in the House of Commons. In the last few days before summer adjournment, M.P.s clambered into their seats remembering Churchill's recent warning that Britain's economy reposed on "a treacherous trap door" (TIME, June 23).

Butler Up. First on stage was that rising star of British politics, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Richard A. ("Rab") Butler. "A difficult time is not a time of crisis but a time of opportunity," said he with his usual pallid impassivity. "And it is in this spirit that I shall tell the House of . . . the radical approach we must make to the much longer and harder task of restoring once more our economic strength."

M.P.s leaned forward to hear the "radical" proposals that would haul Britain from the quicksands of near-bankruptcy. But they heard none. Instead, Butler dryly recited the twice-told tale of how the Tories have somewhat stanchied the drain on gold and dollar reserves—a story of more austerity and cuts in imports, a slight boost in coal production, and an end to cheap credit. Now, continued Butler, Britain's \$13 billion rearmament program, begun so bravely in early 1951 by the Socialists (with full Tory support), will assume under the Tories "a new pattern." Defense production would be cut somewhat to allow more manufacture of dollar-earning export items.

Bevon Up. That brought rambunctious Rebel Aneurin Bevan, that old advocate of fewer arms, to his feet demanding to know just how much rearmament would be cut. "I am not poaching upon the ground which my right honorable friend, the Prime Minister, is to cover at length tomorrow," retorted Butler. To the joy of the critics on the Opposition benches and the dismay of the performer's friends on the government benches, it became clear that Rab Butler had really nothing new to say. The Laborites jeered and badgered him with questions plump and juicy as an overripe tomato. But this time, brickbats came also from the government's side of the House.

Backbencher Up. "I beg the government," said bouncy Backbencher Robert Boothby, who is a Tory star on TV politi-

cal panels, "to stop talking about alerts and alarms and grave situations and trap doors and new presentations; and then, when the markets of the world have been shaken and everybody is in a state of tension and the House of Commons is assembled for a great economic debate . . . nothing very much happens. Send for us when you really have got something to say . . ."

Churchill Up. Dejectedly Rab Butler slumped offstage, embarrassed by his first pronounced failure in nine months on the boards of Parliament. Disillusioned but still expectant, the House reserved its final



Graphic Photo Union

CHURCHILL

"I am tortured . . ."

judgment until the second act, when the star, author and director of the show, the 20th-century Garrick of politics, would himself take the stage. Surely Winston Churchill had saved for himself something more exciting. "This afternoon," suggested the *London News Chronicle*, "the Prime Minister must justify [his previous] words—or clothe himself in the mantle of King Lear:

*'I will do such things
What they are yet, I know not;
But they shall be
The terrors of the earth.'*"

Garrick seemed old and tired when he entered, and the waiting Laborites figuratively fondled fresh sacks of old vegetables. Nye Bevan came in with a shabby brown briefcase, and was greeted by Tory protests that the bag violated an old

House rule.* "The ammunition contained in this case," said Bevan with a smile, "is not deadly to their persons, but to their future prospects." Good-naturedly he let it be taken away after salvaging his notes.

"I thought the Chancellor's speech yesterday was somewhat ill-treated . . ." Churchill began. "I have helped him all I could." The Laborites pounced on him with jeers and questions about Butler's speech and demands of "Answer! Answer!" (pronounced onah, onah),

"I will not answer a question if I do not choose," snapped Churchill. On the "new pattern" of rearmament, Churchill spoke words that were almost a steal from the lines spouted for months by Nye Bevan: "The defense programs must be kept within the limits of our economic strength." Machinery, automobiles, armaments and other metal-using industries would have to be given a higher priority for export goods, and defense production would have to suffer. Well, how much?

Churchill Down. Leaning partly on security, the P.M. said in essence that the government's stretchout of the original three-year defense program would amount to a cut of between a quarter and a third in original goals. Many of the armaments now scheduled would still be made, but for export to overseas customers rather than for Britain's own defense buildup. "Armaments," he explained, "are, in these uneasy days, bestsellers."

Churchill's supporters could hardly believe that this was all their leader had to say. His famous oratorical power showed only in faint flashes, usually when he flicked at the critics ("Standing so smiling and carefree at the dispatch box, as if [they] had no responsibility for the shocking and shameful state to which our finances were reduced during [their] tenure . . .") or sniped like a Falstaffian schoolmaster at his hecklers.

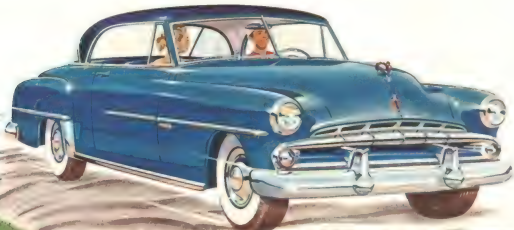
Stoutly he stood on his early cries of alarm. "Tragic indeed," concluded Winston Churchill, "is the spectacle of the might, majesty, dominion and power of the once magnificent and still considerable British Empire having to worry and wonder how we can pay our monthly bills . . . I am tortured by this thought . . ."

This time the rhetoric did not rouse. From the Opposition side came a roar: "Resign! Resign!" On that bitter note Winston Churchill sat down—heavily, and a little tragically. Although the Conservatives loyally voted to uphold the government, inside the party and even inside the cabinet, criticism of Churchill swelled and pressure increased to replace the aged (77) lion with someone else. No one, however, was quite ready to step forward.

Even the Laborites felt oddly sorry—a sentiment that could only seem vinegary to the man at whom it was directed. Said

* A throwback to the days when Irish members were considered quite capable of smuggling a bomb—or two—on to the floor.

Smoothie



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ONE OF THE SCHEDULED
AIRLINES OF THE U. S.

Nye Bevan, in whom charity finds a slippery roost: "He has really been seized at this late hour with the seriousness of Britain's economic situation . . . His difficulty is that he is trying to ignite a lot of wet flannel all around him."

Peace with Germany

Before Parliament quit for the summer, the Socialists (Labor Party) got their chance to look bad, and did.

Up before the House were the allied agreements to give Germany its freedom in return for German rearmament. There was little to argue about: the principles were first espoused by Socialists when in power. Yet, egged on by Nye Bevan's leftists, Labor tried to defeat the agreements, on the feeble ground that the timing is "inopportune."

Glib Dick Crossman, who devotes much of his time to warnings of sinister U.S. machinations to dominate Europe, now unabashedly argued: "I suggest that a platoon of American soldiers is a far greater deterrent to the Russians than a division of German soldiers."

Tory Anthony Eden shrewdly focused on the Opposition straddle—"a kind of compromise between eating one's own words and being wagged by one's own tail." By 293 to 253, Britain's Parliament became the second (the first: U.S. Senate) to ratify peace with West Germany.

For Auld Lang Syne

The Scrymgeours are an ancient Scots family whose 12th century ancestor, Sir Alexander Carron, was surnamed the "Skrymisheour" because of his valor in battle. In 1641 Charles I made John Scrymgeour Viscount Dudhope, a title that was to descend to "his heirs male lawfully begotten . . . whom failing his heirs male whatsoever." But when the third Viscount Dudhope (pronounced Duddop) died leaving no immediate heirs, the Dudhope lands were ruthlessly grabbed by the Earl of Lauderdale, crony of the profligate Charles II and High Sheriff of Edinburgh. The earl, a man of violent temper, hulled a court of sessions into upholding his seizure; then, because there was a distant cousin to whom the Dudhope title was due, he destroyed the Scrymgeour family archives.

In 1937, the scion of the plain, untitled Scrymgeours was lanky Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, Conservative M.P. for Western Renfrew and Under Secretary of State for Scotland. After 2½ centuries of collecting scraps of evidence, the Scrymgeours were now ready to lay claim to the Dudhope viscounty, but hesitated to do so because Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn did not wish to resign his parliamentary job. In the 1945 Labor landslide, Scrymgeour-Wedderburn lost his seat, and the family presented its case.

A month ago the claim reached its final court, the Committee of Privileges in the House of Lords. Last week seven peers, sitting round a table in lounge suits, delivered their verdict: Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn was, in fact and in law, Vis-

count Dudhope. Lord Scrymgeour, The Earl of Lauderdale, commented Lord Nor-mand, glowering backwards three centuries, had shown the "grossest and most unscrupulous covetness." On his estate at Birkhill, Fifeshire, the tall, kilted fourth (or 13th, no one was quite sure which) Viscount Dudhope sounded disconsolate: "You know, nobody in the family really wanted to be a peer. Bit of a nuisance, I'm not keen myself. I prefer to be an M.P."

EGYPT

Call Me Mister

His Majesty, King Fuad II of Egypt and the Sudan, sucked his thumb and wig-gled contentedly.

His father, deposed King Farouk, summoned 100 waiting newsmen at Capri's sumptuous Eden Paradiso Hotel, pointedly



KING FUAD II & FATHER
He will have difficulties of his own.

cradled his seven-month-old son in his arms and read a statement: "I am no longer a rich man. It is untrue that I have taken a fortune from Egypt. My wife, my baby son and three young daughters [by his first wife] will live very simply . . . The King of Egypt is here with me. I must be careful not to say anything that might make difficulties. He will have difficulties enough of his own, for it is not as easy to be a king as some may think."

Then he returned to his quarters—the entire third floor of 27 rooms, 15 baths, private dining room and elevator, costing \$500 a day, for himself and entourage (four Albanian bodyguards, three governesses, one chauffeur, one manservant, one ladies' maid, one pressagent, five Italian policemen).

Back in Egypt, Fuad's subjects debated what to do with Farouk's empty palaces. Two overcrowded universities wanted to occupy them as classrooms, but one Cairo newspaper argued: let the palaces become museums like Versailles, so that the people might see what lavish living went on near some of the world's slummiest slums. The *de facto* ruler of Egypt, General Mohammed Naguib, and his hand-picked Premier, Aly Maher, decreed the abolition of the titles of bey and pasha (roughly equivalent to sir and lord). "Call me *Hudretkom* [mister]," urged an aging pasha on hearing the news.

Seventy-three-year-old Nahas Pasha (now to be known simply as Mustafa el Nahas), who bosses Egypt's biggest political party, the corrupt Wafd, broke off a Swiss vacation at the news of Naguib's coup. He boarded a plane for the first time in his life and hastened to Naguib's side, crying: "It is my duty to pay a visit to the savior of the country." They talked for an hour and when they emerged, Nahas, catching sight of waiting photographers, cagily hooked elbows with Naguib and flashed his winning smile. But two days later, Naguib rejected his plea to reconvene Parliament, which the Wafd dominates. Had Naguib given in to Nahas, it would have been a sign that he was only half interested in fighting corruption.

After the first week was over, it was plain that soft-spoken General Naguib, who suddenly emerged as a world figure, protesting his ignorance of politics, was proving a cagey politician indeed.

Cairo's Double Threat

As publishers of the largest and best string of newspapers and magazines in the Middle East, big (238 lb.) Mustafa Amin and his identical (238 lb.) twin brother Ali have rightly earned a reputation for being vigorous democrats and courageous reformers. Their weekly *Akhbar el Yom* (News of the Day—circ. 150,000) and five other publications hammer at government corruption. Yet just before dawn one day last week, eighty Egyptian army officers armed with Tommy guns and acting in the name of reform swooped down on the brothers' Cairo home and arrested them. Readers of their papers were astounded, since the Amin twins had been in the forefront of the very cleanup drive that kicked King Farouk out.

Hastily the army released them. It was all a mistake resulting from a phony tip that the Amins had tried to get the British to block General Naguib's coup. General Naguib ordered his personal apology broadcast all day long over the Cairo radio. Naguib made it up in another way: he gave the twins a two-hour exclusive interview supplying a firsthand account of the revolt he led against Farouk. Said Mustafa happily as he left the general: "May you commit 10,000 more errors as harmless as this if it will help bring the real culprits to bay."

Corruption & Bombs. The bald-pated, 38-year-old brothers are united by more than their zeal for reform. They are not

only look-alikes, but they smoke the same cigarettes, are married and each has one daughter, drive the same make & model car, and write and think alike so much that one can start a story which the other can finish without ever missing a phrase. "If we don't check with each other beforehand," says Mustafa, "we find ourselves writing two editorials on the same event with only minor differences in wording."

The Amins have long believed that before democracy can come to the Middle East corruption must be rooted out. When they started *Akhbar el Yom* in 1944, they went after the violently nationalist Wafdist Party, provided chapter & verse to prove that it had been stealing wholesale for years. During the paper's first year, the government confiscated it 21 times. Their modern, \$3,000,000 Cairo plant has been

In hundreds of Egyptian villages, such stories from *Akhbar el Yom* are read by one literate person to dozens of illiterates who gather around in regularly formed groups called "reading rings." The papers are understandable to even the simplest fellah because the Amins and their staff have developed a clear, simple Arabic style that is already being imitated all over the Middle East. They live up to their boast that "*Akhbar el Yom* helps you" by supplying free legal help to readers, and pay their staff the highest newspaper wages in the Middle East.

Parties & Politics. The twins, members of a famed Egyptian family of patriots (father was onetime Minister to the U.S.), began newspapering by contributing anti-British articles to their school paper. At 14 they tried to get work as apprentices

Eastern periodicals, which are merely organs for political parties, the Amins' staff of 800 is rigorously uncommitted to anything but fighting corruption and working for Middle Eastern democracy. "Other papers are for parties and politicians," explained Mustafa. "We're for the people. The opportunity for reform was never better in Egypt than right now." Adds Ali: "We'll see that it isn't missed."

IRAN

Call Me Dictator

Every deputy in the Majlis, save one or two, rose like automats last week and voted to make Mohammed Mossadegh dictator of Iran for the next six months. Unchecked and unquestioned, he would control virtually every facet of national life from the press to the treasury to the military. Demonstrating what happens to those who defy Mossadegh, the Majlis voted to confiscate the \$16 million fortune of his principal opponent, ex-Premier Ahmed Qavam (now a fugitive), leaving Qavam's wife & child \$160,000. Teheran's airport was crowded with Mossadegh adversaries rushing off for "medical attention" in Europe. Among them: the Shah's twin sister Princess Ashraf, the president of the Majlis, the former army chief of staff.

AUSTRIA

Waiting for Talk No. 259

Austria last week officially put its Big Four occupiers on notice that if they don't get together on a peace treaty soon, Austria will appeal to the United Nations General Assembly for "the freedom that is her due." Inability to do justice to Austria is a prize example of the weakness of post-War II statesmanship. So far, in the past five years, the Big Four have held 258 meetings on the subject—all futile.

SPAIN

Accounts Overdue

Outside Germany, perhaps the largest group of Germans in Europe today lives in Spain. Aircraft Designers Willy Messerschmitt and Claude Dornier are consultants for Spanish aircraft plants, German engineers hold key jobs in Spanish hydroelectric plants, food-freezing and road-construction companies. Famed Berlin Restaurant Proprietor Otto Horschel, who once served Göring and Goebbels, now has his own restaurant in Madrid: his food ranks with the best in Europe. SS Colonel Eugen Dollmann, Himmler's onetime personal representative, is opening an import-export business in San Sebastian. Former Gestapo Officer Ernst Hammes has a de luxe gift shop in Madrid's fashionable Serrano district. Scarfaced SS Colonel Otto Skorzeny, daredevil paratrooper who snatched Mussolini from his mountain prison in 1943, and dressed his killers in U.S. uniforms during the Bulge breakthrough, has



PUBLISHERS ALI & MUSTAFA AMIN
Courage, ideals and good journalism.

bombed and attacked by Wafdist hoodlums at least eight times and the twins themselves have twice been jailed. Last year when the Wafdist government proudly announced a plan to distribute land to impoverished peasants, *Akhbar el Yom* dug up the fact that much of the land was going not to peasants but to the relatives of Premier Nahas & wife.

Entourage of Rulers. Even after King Farouk banned mention of his escapades in the press, the Amins slyly kept their readers informed. They wrote about a vague group called the "Entourage of Rulers," as if the members lived on another planet, thus ticked off every bit of corruption of Farouk and his cronies. Said one article: "The Entourage of Rulers is not to blame for everything . . . An entourage is but a mirror. If there are thieves around a leader, he must appear to the people as the biggest thief of all." The next issue was promptly confiscated.

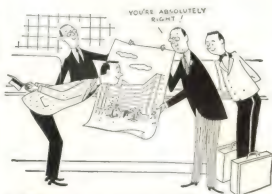
on dailies in Cairo, were turned down because they were too young. They found an unemployed clerk, armed him with samples of their work and got him hired on a paper. For months they worked as his ghost. Because they worried about being so much alike, they split up and went to different colleges: Mustafa to Georgetown to study international relations, Ali to Sheffield in England to take mechanical engineering.

When they returned to Egypt they got jobs on the same newspaper. When the publisher refused to print their stories about government corruption, they quit and the paper's entire staff of eight went with them. Ironically, the \$2,700 they borrowed to start their own paper came from the palace circle they later attacked.

Within weeks the paper's circulation leaped up to 100,000 and the brothers started other publications, including a *TIME*-like weekly. Unlike most Middle



1. Traveling Tommy, connoisseur of Statlers 'cross the land, came in the other day and said, "I've heard some news that's grand—about a brand-new Statler that's a-building, way out West, where travelers to L. A. will find—you really are a guest!"



2. We beamed and said, "Old friend, you're absolutely right! The Statler in Los Angeles is sure a wondrous sight. A modern dream of a hotel that's new as new can be . . . plus *all* of Statler's good old-fashioned hospitality!"



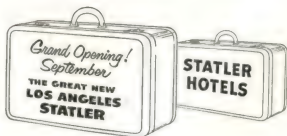
3. "Sounds good, but let me ask you this," said Tom with worried frown. "Is it, like other Statlers, the top hotel in town? Are its beds super-comfortable, eight-hundred springs and more? Does each chef bear the title of 'good-taste ambassador'?"



4. "With all these modern trimmings we are all in full accord—but, are prices still within the range your old friends can afford? And last, but most important to each traveler from afar, is this one in the heart of town—as other Statlers are?"



5. "We've listened to your questions, Tom. To each we answer: Yes! Each famous Statler feature is in Los Angeles! You'll find the things you've always liked, and others that are new. So don't forget you've got a date—September, Fifty-two!"



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leached on to the Spanish military set. Spain has been urging the Bonn government to appoint a German ambassador to Spain to act as the official representative of these men, as well as some 10,000 other Germans in Spain. For two years, Spain has had a diplomatic representative at Bonn. Postwar Germany has not forgiven Franco for his sale, at knockdown prices, of Germany's prewar assets in Spain (Madrid's German hospital went for 1 peseta), and the expropriation of German commercial firms (Siemens, Zeiss, Bayer, etc.) that were once the backbone of Spain's electrical, chemical and optical industries. For two years Chancellor Konrad Adenauer has resisted discreet British and American pressure to go along with Franco. Last week he yielded.

Adenauer's choice for ambassador was Prince Adalbert Alfons Maria Ascension Antonius Hubertus Joseph. A scholarly, 66-year-old German Catholic whose mother was the Spanish Infanta, Maria de la Paz, and whose grandmother was Queen Isabella II of Spain, Prince Adalbert is a little too intimately connected with royalist circles for Franco's taste. The German colony (particularly the ex-Nazis) was not overjoyed either. The Spanish Foreign Office wanted Franz von Papen—but a hint to this effect got nowhere. Along with his credentials, the Prince was commissioned to present Franco with a couple of long-outstanding bills: one for arms delivered by the Nazis to the Francoists during the Spanish civil war; the other for the upkeep of the Spanish Blue Division, which Franco sent to Germany to help Hitler fight the Russians.

GERMANY

Socialist Threat

Kurt Schumacher's Socialist Party pledged last week that if elected next year, it would revoke or revise every one of the painstakingly negotiated international agreements (e.g., the Schuman coal-steel plan; European Army treaty) signed by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

Berlin: 1,000 a Day

For weeks a grim rumor had chilled men's hearts on both sides of Germany's Iron Curtain. On Aug. 1, the Communists would block the last remaining loophole of escape from Soviet East Germany by closing the border between the East & West sectors of Berlin. Hearing the rumor, thousands of East Germans snatched up their puny belongings and fled the People's Paradise.

They risked severe punishments: under a new Communist law, it is an offense to leave one's home for more than 72 hours without *Volkspolizei* permission; even the "intent to flee" is punishable by loss of property. But as *Der Tag* approached, the flight took on the proportions of a mass exodus, hauntingly reminiscent of the terror-driven migrations of World War II D.P.s. Since the Berlin airlift (1948), refugees from Communist tyranny in East Germany have been stumbling into Berlin at the rate of 300 a month. Impelled by the deadline, the rate rose last month to more than 400 a day. Last week it soared to 1,000 a day.

Aug. 1 came and went without the expected shutting of the gates. But still the

exodus continued. Besides the hundreds of refugees who turn up at 8 Kuno Fischer Strasse to register, and to be flown out to whichever West German province is most likely to find them a job, perhaps another 125,000 East Germans are hiding in West Berlin, living in a special purgatory of daytime wandering and nights in deserted bunkers.

SWEDEN

Swarming with Spies

For a half dozen Swedes who for five years betrayed their country's secrets to Russia, the payoff came last week in a Stockholm magistrate's court: life at hard labor for Ringleader Fritiof Enbom and his chief assistant, jail terms for the others, including Enbom's brother and his mistress (*TIME*, June 30). The trial lasted six weeks, produced some testimony so secret that the court ordered it impounded for 60 years. Among the revelations: Enbom's gang gave Russia some of the plans for the gigantic and costly Boden fortress, Sweden's major defense line against a Red attack through Finland.

As the gang headed for jail, an uneasy Sweden was beginning to realize that although Enbom made big headlines, he is a minor cog in a vast Soviet spy machinery. Last month the Polish military attaché in Stockholm was caught photographing air force fields and sent packing—the tenth member of a Red embassy in five years to be caught redhanded. The Pole was not caught mapping an ordinary air base—the usual game of attachés—but camouflaged fields considered so top secret that they were to be left unused until war came, in order to avoid premature detection.

THE PHILIPPINES

Peace under the Palms

By plane and ship, Philippine Defense Secretary Ramon Magsaysay hurried south from Manila last week to a rendezvous 600 yards off the shore of Jolo Island, where the storied swashbucklers of the Philippines, the Moros, were on the rampage. Magsaysay had a secret date with one of the toughest Moros of all—clever, poker-faced Bandit Leader Kamlon. Kamlon, leader of the most formidable of the scores of Moro hands that terrorize Jolo, had agreed to surrender.

First came a small boat from ashore with tokens of Kamlon's sincerity—baskets of fruit, to show friendship, and Kamlon's six-year-old son, to inspire confidence. Next came Bandit Kamlon himself, insistent on the pageantry for which the Filipino Mohammedans have always had a weakness, to request a formal surrender ceremony beneath the palms of Lahing-Lahing beach.

Knives & Wives. Some 200 of Kamlon's followers were already there, revolvers and rifles much in evidence and their sashed waists sagging with an assortment of bolos, barongs, kris and daggers. Their youngsters darted happily across the sand



MAGSAYSAY & KAMLON (LEFT: KAMLON'S SON)
Deep in the heart of Jolo.

He's a baby sitter for barrels

Up and down the great stacks of whiskey barrels that stretch for miles through the warehouse, trouble-shooters make their rounds.

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Still, the trouble-shooters keep a constant watch, "just in case." Babying barrels is extra effort, maybe, but an important part of the complete network of quality controls which guard Schenley whiskies from the time the grain is grown until—years later—the whiskey is in your glass.

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Kodak

with knives at their sides, and their womenfolk stood near in the holiday splendor of pink, yellow, and apple-green clothes. Among them was Kamlon's faithful wife—some of the Moro leaders have as many as 80, but he is content with one. Kamlon, a peaceful farmer who had become something of a hero for killing Japanese during World War II, turned to banditry as a postwar vocation.

Solemnly chewing betel nut, he walked to Magsaysay, handed over his two pistols and a symbolic stack of 24 firearms, including BARs, carbines and old Japanese guns. In smooth *tan-sog*, Kamlon pledged the help of his band of 300 in Magsaysay's new campaign to quell the Moros, who are second only to the Communist Huks in defiance of Manila's rule. In English, Magsaysay praised Kamlon's guerrilla fight against the Japanese and promised him possible clemency, even offered to help Kamlon make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Then came the feast—mountains of eggs, crabs, shellfish, washed down with beer, and a skittish sip of the strange brown beverage (Coca-Cola) brought for the occasion by Magsaysay.

Outboards & Outriggers. On the same day another important bandit leader, Ladrima Asmawil, surrendered on similar terms. It was a showy beginning for Magsaysay's campaign; but not an ending. Kamlon formally surrendered once before, in 1948, but was soon back to his old plundering tricks. Some 50 other Moro hands still roam the southern islands and piratically ply the Sulu Sea. They are armed with 8,000 to 10,000 firearms salvaged from the war years.

Neither heavyhanded Spanish colonists nor U.S. troops under tough General John J. Pershing have ever been able to bring the proud, fanatically religious Moros to their knees. The Philippine government does not expect to, either. But Magsaysay hopes to take most of their firearms away, and thereby bring a measure of peace to the unconquered islands of the Moros.

SIAM

Love in the Green House

Since 1934, when a yearly beauty contest became the main attraction of Siam's Constitutional Day celebration, a new aspiration in life has opened for young Siamese females. The lucky one who is chosen *Nangsoo Thai* (Miss Thailand) becomes for a year the first girl in the land and is showered with invitations to parties, big events, temple fairs, football matches. At the end of the year, Miss Thailand makes a brilliant marriage and, presumably, lives happily thereafter. The sole exception to this rule in 18 years has been Riam Pesyanavin, Miss Thailand of 1939.

To the surprise of her many suitors, Riam sat out the dancing parties, refused to eat at dinner. When, after nine years, she was still unmarried, a scurrilous paper serialized her alleged love life. But the truth was that Riam is a devoted elder daughter of a Siamese-Islamic family which looks with disfavor on Westernized



Burmese Chessboard

RAJA OF PERLIS & BRIDE

Back home, a wife and nine children.

dancing and rejects all food prepared by pork-eating non-Moslems. "Time will vindicate me," said Riam.

In 1950, to the annual Constitutional Day celebrations came Malaya's youngest potentate, who rules Malaya's smallest state, Perlis (pop. 71,000), just over the Siamese border. The Raja of Perlis, a plump 31, met Riam, 27, fell deeply in love. Last May, Riam accepted the Raja's 15-carat diamond engagement ring and last month they were married.

The fact that the Raja already has a wife & nine children at home in Perlis made no difference. Explained Riam: "We are Moslems, and the Raja is allowed by our religion to take four wives." Nor did it make any difference that the Raja's first wife, the progressively minded Tengku Budriah, should be a Girl Scout commissioner, a badminton, hockey and tennis player, who believes in the emancipation of Moslem women. Moslem custom demanded that she keep a dutiful silence while, 400 yards from her palace, workmen put the finishing touches on a cozy little green house to be occupied by the beautiful Riam.

AUSTRALIA

"Populate or Perish"

A happy-go-lucky country in the first 40 years of her national life, Australia awoke with a shock one morning in 1941. The date was Dec. 10, and in the space of a few hours the British navy ceased to be a power in the Pacific. Through the fall of Singapore to the Battle of the Coral Sea, Australia became acutely aware of her isolated geographical position and, in the face of Asia's agitated masses, her own lack of people. "We must populate or perish," sloganized Arthur Calwell, the

HAND IN HAND....



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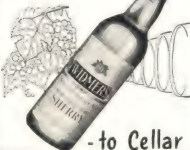
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WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES

Labor government's Immigration Minister. "We must double or quit," wrote Liberal Leader R. G. Casey. At war's end the opposition political parties were agreed on one point: large-scale immigration. In the past six years 700,000 Europeans—including 165,000 D.P.s—have entered Australia, a larger intake, in proportion to the population (8,000,000), than that of the U.S. during its greatest immigration periods.

Danger of a Gallop. But this year Australia ran into economic trouble. Overseas trade, which in 1950-51 brought her a foreign credit balance of \$533 million, in 1951-52 produced a deficit of \$846 million. Receipts for wool, her chief export, were down 50%. As a result, imports were reduced to vanishing point. With retail prices up 100% since 1945 and the basic wage (upon which union wage scales are computed) almost trebled, there was danger of a galloping inflation. To counter



Associated Press
PRIME MINISTER MENZIES
Time to absorb the goins.

it, able Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies acted boldly. He slapped a special 15% tax on incomes, increased corporation taxes, the general sales tax by 4%, and luxury taxes from 20% to 66%. Australia rolled easily with these blows, but not the Labor Party. It swung back. Although there are plenty of jobs in heavy industry, official figures now show 35,000 unemployed. Labor says there are far more and, forgetting its own enlightened post-war policy, has made immigration the pivot of its attack on the Liberal-Country Party coalition government. Said Laborite E. J. Ward last week: "More immigrants simply mean more unemployed."

Actually, Australia's generous immigration policy (each new immigrant costs the Australian taxpayer \$2,600) has contributed surprisingly little to her economic troubles. True, the majority of immigrants have gone into industry instead of farming; they eat food that was once profitably exported. On the other hand, their needs

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HAWAII, with its lavish spread of orchids, its awesome
volcano-land, the peaceful, ancient life of Kona Coast; to
KAUAI with the gorgeous coloring of Waimea Canyon,
the South Sea spell of palm-fringed beaches.
Let your Travel Agent help you arrange
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create work. The country's setbacks hit them first. At Bonegilla, a wartime camp of wooden huts, where immigrants are instructed in the English language and Australian customs, 2,300 Italians threatened to burn down the camp if not given work.

Time to Absorb. Reluctantly, Immigration Minister Harold Holt flew off to Europe to ask governments there to cut their immigration quotas. Next year Australia will accept only 80,000 immigrants, about half the average intake of the last four years. Said Holt: "The time has come to absorb our gains."

JAPAN

Normalcy

Last week Tokyo police allowed the reopening of the 17 traditional red-light districts, including the infamous Yoshiwara, which the American occupiers had closed. Latest Tokyo police figures list some 13,500 prostitutes in 2,000 brothels, plus uncounted hordes of *roten imbai* (streetwalkers).

SOUTH AFRICA

The Old Man & the Gallows

In the bloody 1906 uprising of the conquered Zulus, a 26-year-old Zulu warrior named Mdhani Ngcobo remained loyal to the whites and was rewarded by being made head man of his village. Mdhani married, prospered, begat children, grew old, respected and respectable. But one son, Clifford, became a thief and a gangster. Three years ago, son Clifford, all his bravado gone, crept into his father's hut. He whispered that he had murdered a white Durban policeman, and blubbered: "They will hang me."

But the police never tracked down the murderer. Mdhani kept his son's secret, after first pledging him to mend his evil ways. Soon Clifford was back to his old tricks: armed with three revolvers he terrorized the good people of the villages.

And so Mdhani went out alone into the veld, stayed there three days and three nights, praying to God for guidance. When he returned on the third night, he went straight to Clifford's hut, took one of Clifford's three pistols and killed his sleeping son. Then he surrendered to the police. In Durban police court, he said: "I shot my son because he killed a white man. Do what you will." Mdhani was sentenced to hang.

Then, in a land where a Negro's life has little value, a strange event occurred. Led by Anne McTavish, a white Durban city councillor, scores of white women, leaders of their community, went into the city streets and set up little tables with placards reading: "Save this old man from the gallows." In three days they collected 17,000 white signatures pleading with South Africa's Governor General Ernest George Jansen to reprieve 72-year-old Head Man Mdhani. It was the first time in South Africa's history that so many whites had united to save a colored man. Impressed, Governor General Jansen promised to review the case.

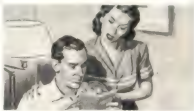
"Mary, Please don't Look at me like that"



1. I COULDN'T TAKE IT. Resignation, disappointment, yes, even remorse, were there in Mary's eyes and I realized something she must have known for a long time. My sheer, stupid neglect had licked us.



2. OUR BEST FRIENDS LEFT for Florida today for good. Yes, Mel and Helen will have a vacation with pay for the rest of their lives. It looks as if only Mary and I will be left from our crowd still at the old grind.



3. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO EASY for us to be on our way, too. We had talked about money for later on, and she begged me to talk to Mel about it. He explained his plan—the plan that guaranteed their future.



4. BUT I DIDN'T TAKE IT SERIOUSLY. Retirement plans could come later, I figured. We had a lot of bills, and surely there was plenty of time. But there wasn't. The time slipped away, and now it's too late.

5.

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PEOPLE

"Lying Bastard"

In Mexico City, U.S. Ambassador William O'Dwyer acted out a memorable exhibition of how an ambassador should not act. He set the scene early in the morning by having a clerk telephone every U.S. correspondent in the capital, urging them to come to the embassy for a "very important" press conference.

The reporters arrived on the run. Among them was United Press Bureau Chief Robert Prescott, whose latest story was an interview with O'Dwyer and some of his friends on the ambassador's future plans. Prescott wrote that O'Dwyer was torn between returning to New York and remaining in his "adopted country" to practice law after his diplomatic tour of duty. Prescott's story stated that O'Dwyer "dropped hints to friends . . . that he may become a Mexican citizen when he puts away his diplomatic duds next January." Reporters realized that the ambassador was touchy about his future plans, but no one knew just how touchy.

When Irish-born Bill O'Dwyer arrived at the "press conference" his face was flushed with anger. He pointed to Prescott and in his oldtime policeman's voice belted, "There is the lying bastard!" The shocked silence was broken by Prescott, who calmly replied, "That's pretty strong, Mr. Ambassador." Said O'Dwyer, "I am calling you what you are in the English language," and repeated it several times, adding "deliberate liar." Then he ordered the reporter from the embassy.

While Prescott stood by his story and O'Dwyer by his denials, the Mexico City papers had front-page fun at the expense of ambassadorial dignity. There was even



Associated Press

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR & JAMES H. RAND
After a directors' luncheon, 17,000 new shaves.

a reverberation in the magistrates court of faraway Brooklyn, where O'Dwyer used to be District Attorney. A trucker, who was hauled into court for calling a cop a bastard, found no sympathy from the bench. Said the judge: "Just because our Ambassador to Mexico used that word, it doesn't make it a good word, and anyone who uses that word is a hoodlum—the ambassador included."

Pleasures & Palaces

Saudi Arabia's King Ibn Saud, whose U.S. shopping sprees have already included the purchase of 20 air-conditioned limousines and a \$20,000 auto-trailer, de-

cided he needed a modern flying carpet. Transocean Air Lines announced that it was custom-fitting (for some \$100,000) a Douglas DC-4 as an aerial palace for His Majesty. Among the accessories: a raised throne which revolves a full 360° and has an extra-heavy-duty safety belt; an oversized bed in a bedroom complete with bath; an elevator; 18 luxurious chair seats. The plane is expected to be ready for delivery this month in time to carry the King from his winter quarters in Riyadh to the summer palace in Taif to lead off the annual pilgrimage of Moslems to Mecca.

The 900-year-old city of Oslo scrubbed down its streets, hoisted flags and portraits and prepared to be the center of attention as Norwegians began a happy three-day national celebration: the 80th birthday of King Haakon VII, Europe's oldest reigning monarch.

Manhattan's spectacular professional basketball team, the Harlem Globetrotters, now on a world tour, arrived in Italy, where they were granted an audience with Pope Pius XII at his Castel Gandolfo summer palace. When the boys learned that the Pontiff was unacquainted with their sport, they put on a five-minute demonstration of some brilliant passing and dribbling, then presented him with the autographed ball. Said His Holiness: "These young men are certainly very clever."

Tried & True

At a sunset ceremony on the Pentagon grounds in Washington, Brigadier General Melvin J. Maas, former Representative from Minnesota, a pilot in two world wars and totally blind for the past eight months, reviewed the troops of an honor parade as he retired from active service in the Marine Corps. Later, General Lemuel C. Shepherd Jr., Commandant of the Marine Corps, and Mrs. Maas joined in



Harris & Ewing

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washing 100 glasses
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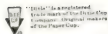
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Boy, have we been
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that new secretary!



If it doesn't bear the name **DIXIE** - it isn't a genuine **Dixie Cup**



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\$20,000 to run.

pinning to the Maas uniform the second star of a major general, his retiring rank. He will continue to serve as the Marine member of the Defense Department's Reserve Forces Policy Board.

Into the Spanish port of Pasajes, victorious in his first high-sea adventure, sailed **Christopher Columbus**, 27, 17th Duke of Veragua and direct descendant of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea. As captain of a coast guard patrol boat, he had rounded up five French ships caught fishing for tuna in Spanish waters and brought the poachers to harbor.

Britain's Foreign Secretary **Anthony Eden** announced that the government had established twelve scholarships in British universities for American students. The scholarships will be named after General **George C. Marshall** in gratitude for the Marshall Plan.

In Manhattan, tax experts finally totted up the net estate of **Mrs. Edith Hale Harkness**, the late widow of the New York financier and philanthropist. The amount: \$33,335,772, of which the experts claimed \$25,445,299 in federal and state taxes.

Plans & Promises

In Manhattan, James H. Rand, president of Remington Rand, Inc., manufacturer of business machines and office equipment, proudly announced the appointment of a new board chairman: Old Hero **Douglas MacArthur**. MacArthur, who was first offered the job three years ago (reported salary: \$100,000 a year) will keep his five-star Army rank (along with the \$19,548-a-year pay & allowances), but announced that he was now a businessman and would do no politicking. At the first directors' luncheon, being introduced to some of the politics of business, he was presented with a Remington electric razor with the understanding that he use it and discard his favorite old

straight-edge, a West Point graduation gift from his father, General Arthur MacArthur. Said the new chairman: "I estimate I have had 17,000 shaves with the old razor. I'll do my best to get at least 17,000 shaves in the next 50 years from this new one."

Henry Ford II, president of the Ford Motor Co., agreed to take on another job: National Chairman of the Crusade for Freedom, succeeding retiring chairman General **Lucius D. Clay**. Part of Ford's task will be to help raise \$4,000,000 this year for more transmitters for Radio Free Europe and Radio Free Asia, the privately supported counterparts of the Government's Voice of America.

Old Pilot **Eddie Rickenbacker**, President of Eastern Air Lines, learned that his company had won a legal victory of sorts in a District of Columbia court. In a \$500,000 suit against Bolivian Pilot **Erick Rios Bridoux**, who crashed his P-38 fighter plane into one of Eastern's liners over



ROSALIND RUSSELL & NURSE
Seventeen stitches in the Army.

Washington in 1949 with a loss of 55 lives, the court awarded a judgment of \$160,000. However, said the court, collection would be difficult if not impossible, since Bridoux had left the U.S. Still pending: some \$5,000,000 in suits filed against Eastern, Bridoux and the U.S. by families of the deceased passengers.

In Atlanta, 61-year-old Frank Leavitt, who used to wrestle under the name **Man Mountain Dean**, announced plans to run on the "Independent Republican" ticket for the House of Representatives in Georgia's ninth district. Said he: "I love Georgia, and I think I can help her. I'll spend \$20,000 to campaign if I have to."

Hearts & Thistles

At Fort Lee, Va., where she is making a movie on life in the WAC, Cinematress **Rosalind Russell** misjudged her timing in boarding a fast-moving truck and ended up in the infirmary with 17 stitches in her right leg. Said she: "If the accident leaves any scars, I can at least say I got them in the Army."

Cinematress **Jane Russell**, wife of Professional Football Player **Bob Waterfield**, was asked for some opinions on life and love. Sample: "In our family we stay married. Not one divorce among hundreds of cousins. I have uncles and aunts who have been married for 50 years and still sit in the parlor and neck."

In Los Angeles, Mrs. Grace Tibbett, onetime wife of Opera Singer **Lawrence Tibbett**, sued Sea Captain **Horace Brown**, another ex-husband, for a bad debt of \$2,100, half of which he borrowed on their wedding night six years ago. Why had she waited so long to collect? Simply observing the amenities, explained Mrs. Tibbett. After their divorce, Brown had married **Marion Davies**, and a suit might have been embarrassing to Marion. However, now that Marion and Brown seemed to be squabbling up to the point of divorce talk, she would like her money back. As for Brown, she added, it is time he learned that he "can't go around marrying nice girls without giving them some affection and consideration. . . . It was I who put him on the map. When Miss Davies married him, who do you think the papers had to call to find out who in heaven's name he was? Me, of course."

Primate

Behind bars in the Philadelphia Zoo, where he has been looking with distaste at people ever since he was brought from French Equatorial Africa as a puny, 11-lb. baby, **Bamboo**, now a quarter-ton, 6-ft. evil-tempered gorilla, celebrated his 25th anniversary of confinement with a "birthday cake" made of cod liver oil, peanut mash and oyster shell, with a watermelon for dessert. The anniversary also chalked up a record, Bamboo, whether he likes it or not, is the only gorilla ever to survive a quarter-century in captivity.



BAMBOO

Associated Press

Twenty-five years of distaste.

PERSONALITY

ONE afternoon, President Spyros Skouras of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp., who lives in the New York suburb of Rye, offered a lift home to his neighbor, Jed Harris, the New York theatrical producer. Harris accepted. This is what happened afterward, as he recalls it.

"First we drove to Philadelphia to attend the wedding of one of Spyros' Greek friends. Then we drove to Newark for the funeral of a second one. Between times we stopped off at half a dozen Greek restaurants, in each of which Spyros gave a banquet for a swarm of other friends, assembled on the spur of the moment. We got to Rye all right, but not until late the next afternoon."

In making a convivial odyssey out of what, for other Westchester commuters, is a monotonous 45-minute train or car ride, Spyros (rhymes with "hero") was behaving in characteristic fashion. What made the incident exceptional was that the strong-willed Harris eventually reached his original destination.

Skouras' hospitality is formidable fun. Business associates, invited to his country place for a "quiet lunchtime conference," are not surprised to find a dense crowd milling around on the lawn. When the group eventually thins out enough to cram itself into the dining room for dinner, it sometimes includes a hapless guest who came to the wrong house and found himself swept into the genial Greek maelstrom. Such lost souls generally look to Skouras like old friends. "Haven't seen you for a long time," he will shout. "How's everything in St. Louis?"

THE quality of impulsiveness discernible in Skouras' entertaining is still more marked in his major activities. Some years ago in Atlanta, Ga., Skouras was inspecting a million-dollar theater, a weak link in one of his chains. Arriving at the theater at 11 a.m., he found no one there except a youthful usher.

"Where's the manager?" he asked, without identifying himself except by his strong Greek accent, which the usher failed to recognize.

"He's not in yet," said the usher.

"Where's the assistant manager?"

"He's not in yet, either."

"Who runs the theater when the manager and the assistant manager aren't here?"

"I do," said the usher.

"From now on, you're the manager," said Skouras.

Skouras' impulsiveness pays off. His earnings, combined with those of the two brothers he calls Charlie (pronounced *tsolly*) and George (pronounced *zuds*), are reputed to top the takes of even such mighty families as the Shuberts and the Schencks. As president of Twentieth Century-Fox, Spyros heads the second biggest producing company in the world,* whose Hollywood studio, run by Vice President Darryl Zanuck, turns out some 40 feature pictures a year. As head of National Theaters, comprising some 550 houses scattered around the West, Charlie runs the nation's second largest theater chain. With younger brother George, who is president of a 70-house chain in the East, the Skouras family controls a sizable part of U.S. movie production.

Some five years ago, the antitrust division of the Department of Justice finally completed its Herculean task of dividing the producing end of the movie business from the theater-managing end, in which the Skourases had grown up. Spyros' producing company thereupon sold its stock in Charlie's theater company. The division was a legal and fiscal one, but it

would take an agency far greater than the U.S. Government to sever the blood ties which bind the Skourases together. Those ties began in the Peloponnesian town of Skourahorion (Skourasville), founded by their grandfather in 1830, during the Greek War of Independence from the Turks.

FOUNDING Grandfather Skouras was given Skourahorion and its environs as a place in which to settle his deserving soldiers, many of them relatives. His eldest son and heir dotted the community with churches and children. The departure of the third generation was led by Charles, the seventh in the family of ten, in 1907. Accustomed to towns fitted out with Skouras churches, filled with Skouras congregations, Charles Skouras found St. Louis, where he settled more or less by accident, sadly deficient on that count, but did his best to remedy its lacks. First he sent for Spyros and George, got all three of them jobs as bus boys at the Jefferson Hotel, and banked their

wages with his. Then he invested their savings in a nickelodeon being built by some other St. Louis Greeks and patriotically called the Olympia. In due course the Skourases, acting as a financial unit, bought the Olympia from their compatriots, who were acting as individuals. The Olympia started the first Skouras theater chain, which within ten years numbered three dozen, including the biggest theater in town. Meanwhile, all three had married and started the U.S. Skouras line, which, with grandchildren, now totals 26.

Before the Depression, the hallmarks of Skouras theaters were lavish stage shows and ornate interiors which, if not Orthodox, specialized in the blazing Eastern splendor which helped establish the term "movie cathedral." After the Depression, they acquired even greater prestige by paying off their own debts and hiring out to rescue other chains—most notably those owned by Twentieth Century-Fox. Meanwhile, with typical Skouras ebullience, George acquired culture, reading books by the libraryful. Charles is con-

sidered senior partner of the fraternity, while Spyros is the family's public figure.

For Skourases, television had no terrors. Charlie developed a superior breed of popcorn, popped on his own assembly line. Spyros undertook to out-TV TV by acquiring U.S. rights to a Swiss device called Eidophor, for large-screen televising of games, shows and political events (TIME, May 29, 1950).

NOWADAYS, Spyros is less interested in making money than in giving it away. When Greeks were starving during the war with Italy, Spyros was persuaded to take over a lack-luster relief campaign. He not only raised \$3,000,000 in three months, but also badgered the British and German governments into breaking their blockade to allow food ships to his native land. This gave him a taste for charity-organizing; since then he has raised money for the Red Cross, the Cancer Drives, the Greater New York Fund and United Jewish Appeal.

There is a legend that, back in their St. Louis days, the bull-necked Skourases sometimes wrestled film exhibitors for rentals. Today, their principal form of exercise is golf, but all three are still health fanatics and diet cranks. Skourases gobble quantities of fruit, cheese, olive oil and yogurt—the latter brewed from a culture developed by Mrs. Charles Skouras. Both Spyros and Charles have massage tables, heat cabinets and showers built into their offices, where, stripped to their fine coats of curly fur, they hold conferences, issue commands, and shout dictation to stenographers from whom they are concealed by screens. Not long ago, Spyros Skouras was cornered by a reporter who asked why he did not want to become Ambassador to Greece, a post for which his name has often been mentioned.

Said Skouras: "I think I can do more for my country in my private life"—a paradox which, true or false, lost nothing from its delivery in a steam bath.



SPYROS SKOURAS

* The biggest: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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EXCLUSIVE AGENTS: ARMO MAYFLOWER TRADING CO.

On the Go

Radio has taken to the open road. A survey by Pulse researchers disclosed last week that 1) about 25% of all U.S. radios are now in automobiles, 2) the number of auto radios has jumped from 7.5 million to 27.5 million in the past six years, and 3) 92.4% of all postwar autos are radio-equipped.

Chicago's WFMT

U.S. listeners seem willing to spend their own money for only one sort of radio program—serious music. Last December, after two weeks of playing classical recordings, Chicago's FM station WFMT nervously appealed for funds to stay on the air. The station's one phone didn't stop ringing all evening. Eleven thousand dollars was contributed by WFMT's minute audience. Two volunteers turned up to paint the studio—a converted hotel ballroom—while others independently went out in search of sponsors.

This week Station Owners Bernie and Rita Jacobs announced that WFMT was operating in the black. Seven months ago they had run the station without help. Now there is a staff of six. Like Manhattan's cultural (and partly audience-sponsored) WABF, the Jacobs station is unabashedly highbrow: Debussy's *St. Sebastian*, Hindemith's *Herodiade*, the BBC recordings of *The Canterbury Tales*; Verdi's *Macbeth*. All works are played in their entirety and without interruption for commercials or station breaks. No work is repeated within three months.

Sponsors are welcomed, but strictly on WFMT's terms. The sponsor cannot choose the selections to be played and can use neither attention-getting gimmicks nor endless repetition of phone numbers. Commercials are limited to one minute in length and a maximum of 25 minutes in any hour. Despite these advertising curbs, WFMT reports good results: a commercial for a diamond-tipped phonograph needle brought the sponsor a 150% boost in sales. Says Rita Jacobs: "The kind of listeners we have have very big ears."

Interplanetary Cop

Steel-muscled Commander Buzz Corry of *Space Patrol* (Sat. 11 a.m., ABC-TV) has spent the past 25 years policing outer space for the United Planets of the Universe, a sort of 30th century U.N. Last week, on a routine space cruise, Corry was only mildly surprised to encounter a ship flying the Jolly Roger. He promptly boarded the pirate craft and disarmed the villainous crew. Villains are usually packed off to the U.P. Medical Science Center where, after a brain-washing, they become as true-blue and noble-souled as Corry himself.

The idea for *Space Patrol* belongs to a 37-year-old Navy Air Force veteran, Mike Moser. During World War II, Moser was in charge of weather training for three hurricane-hunter squadrons based at San



RITA & BERNIE JACOBS
Their listeners have big ears.

Diego. Later, he worked for the Fleet Air Electronics Unit. "It started me wondering and thinking about the universe," he says. Since he had also been a writer of movie and radio scripts, Moser put his writing and wonderment together to make up *Space Patrol*.

Though the show has its own pseudo-scientific lingo and its own slang ("Shoot-in' rockets!" "What in the universe!"), Moser borrows from older art forms. "Like any cowboy hero, Buzz Corry is above sex," he explains. "He never kisses anything but the cold nose of his space ship. Moser has also put a taboo on cliff-hang-



MURRAY GARRETT—GRAPHIC HOUSE
MIKE MOSER
His hero is above sex.

ing ("If we cause a single nightmare we have failed in our purpose"). Should a program end with Commander Corry facing a ray gun and certain death, the TV camera moves in to show a faint smile on the hero's face. The smile is a tip-off to his moppet viewers, says Moser: "They know that Corry can get out of this spot—that he's got a plan."

Because *Space Patrol* is telecast from a former Hollywood movie lot where there is plenty of room for its spacemen to move around, it does not suffer from the "TV claustrophobia" of Eastern studios. A minor drawback of the show is the overabundance of interplanetary sound effects. The screams of jet planes drown out much of the dialogue. But it is no great loss, because the kids usually get the sense of what is going on.

This week, Sponsor Ralston Purina Co. signed a new five-year contract for both the TV show and its radio counterpart (Saturday, 10:30 a.m., ABC). Ralston also has built a 35-ft., \$30,000 *Space Patrol* rocket ship that is now touring the U.S., on a truck trailer, for the edification of the show's young fans.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Aug. 8, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

NBC Summer Symphony (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Music by Strauss, Haydn and Stravinsky.

Pick the Winner! (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS). A new series on the campaign issues, with Moderator Dwight Cooke.

Hollywood Bowl Concerts (Sun. 7 p.m., NBC). Soloist: Pianist Claudio Arrau.

Playhouse on Broadway (Sun. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Wanda Hendrix in *Temptation*.

Railroad Hour (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). The Brownings, with Gordon MacRae, Dorothy Wenzelkield.

Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Guest: Contralto Marian Anderson.

Dragnet (Thurs. 9 p.m., NBC). A superior cops & robbers show.

TELEVISION

Curtain Call (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). Leora Dana in *The Season of Divorce*.

Pantomime Quiz (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). A lively charade show, featuring Broadway & Hollywood actors.

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Jean Wallace in *So Help Me*.

All-Star Summer Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Variety show with Comics Ben Blue and Roger Price.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Featuring the Dublin Players in a scene from Shaw's *Pygmalion*.

Information Please (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). Guest panelists: Playwrights Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse.

Lux Video Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Geraldine Brooks in *The Orchard*.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *Summer Story*, with Vaughn Taylor and John Newland.

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The Taxman Cometh

Since 1707, when William Cavendish, art-loving second Duke of Devonshire, fell heir to the vast Chatsworth estate in Derbyshire, the family has amassed the highest private art collection in Britain. Estimated value: more than £750,000. In recent years, Chatsworth has been open to the public. Families of sightseers have swarmed over the 4,000 expertly landscaped acres and strolled through corridors and state rooms full of works of art, dating back to the 5th century B.C. But last week the British version of the U.S. Bureau of Internal Revenue won a court fight which threatened to break up Chatsworth forever.

In an action in chancery court, the Inland Revenue claimed that an improperly dated agreement signed by the tenth Duke of Devonshire just before his death last year was void; instead of going to a nonprofit fund, and thus escaping death duties, the collection should go to swell the duke's other assets (to £3,000,000). Since the 80% death duty on the whole estate would leave the family only £600,000—less than the value of the collection alone—the heirs would have to sell the Chatsworth art and break up the collection. Said the court: "I cannot refrain from expressing deep concern..."

Revival in Venice

For four centuries, the glassmakers of Venice were the greatest in the world. None could match the airy grace of their filigrees, the clarity of their plain glass, or the richness of their painted colors. But runaways spread the Venetian art to the ends of Europe,* and Venice became a dull backwater producing dull imitations of the great old days. Last week the news from Venice was of a new Renaissance.

At the Venice Biennale art show, a pavilion was set aside for glass, and in it were the works of the city's modern glassmakers. There were dark-colored pitchers with sweeping curves, smoky white vases, clear bottles studded with agate eyes, pieces of rough green glass blown and shaped into portrait heads, vases with interwoven filigrees, bowls that looked as fragile as a lace handkerchief. Some were done in delicate light glass; others were heavy and solidly streamlined, their soft colors worked smoothly into the glass.

To produce its new designs, Venice still uses the old methods it has passed from generation to generation. The glass is still made at Murano, a tiny group of interconnected islands out in a lagoon. Science has given the factories some new tricks, but it still takes master blowers using long, thin blowing canes of Roman design to turn out the glass. They sit on high wooden stools, watch while apprentices

make the first rough shape, then step in and blow the final form.

The old Istrian sand is no longer used; instead a fine white sand is imported from France to give a purer, more easily worked glass. But as before, even-burning Yugoslavian beechwood goes into the furnaces to keep the glass at an average 800° C. A master can complete a small animal figure in less than ten seconds, yet it still takes a full day for the large pieces. And sometimes even the most expert craftsman watches his hours of labor shiver into fragments as the glass cools.

Already, Venice's glassmakers have seen the first signs of success. The new designs

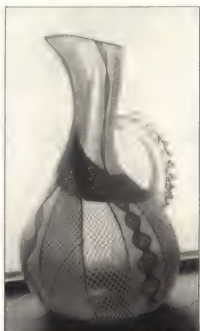


Foto Giacomelli

MODERN VENETIAN PITCHER
Out of the furnace, into the world.

are holding their own in world markets with French, Swedish and American. There are now 52 large ovens going night & day. And each year some \$1,500,000 worth of fragile art reaches world markets from the new masters of Venice.

Sold

Sold at auction: the world's second largest oil painting,* the *Panthéon de la Guerre*, 18,000 square feet of World War I battlefield scenes, completed in 1919 by a task force of more than 120 French artists and last exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933. Purchaser: Baltimore Restaurateur William H. Haussner, who bought the painting for \$3,400 from the storage warehouse where it had lain unclaimed for the past seven years.

Walling in the Outdoors

Since war's end, the U.S. has learned to build houses with the same mass-production hustle with which it pops out cars and toasters. All the conditions were ripe for the postwar revolution in housing. There was the huge pent-up demand of the war, plus the requirements of more than twelve million marriages, 21 million babies in the last seven years. The money to build was also there; savings were at an alltime high and the Federal Government's easy credit permitted an ex-G.I. to buy a \$10,000 house with no down payment and 25 years to pay.

The Administration wisely avoided one big mistake: in 1946 it refused to go along with the plans of such bureaucrats as former Housing Chief Wilson Wyatt (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) to 1) strait-jacket the housing industry with rigid controls and 2) put the Government into the housing business with a vast program for prefabricated houses. (Most prefabs, with or without Government support, have had small success.)

Mass Producers. Private industry jumped to do the enormous job. In seven years, 6,400,000 housing units went up, equaling the total of the preceding 18 years. Mass-production builders like Long Island's William Levitt, Miami's Tom Coogan and Los Angeles' Fritz Burns raised whole new cities by working out new techniques, standardizing doors and windows and dozens of other parts, and putting them together on the site.

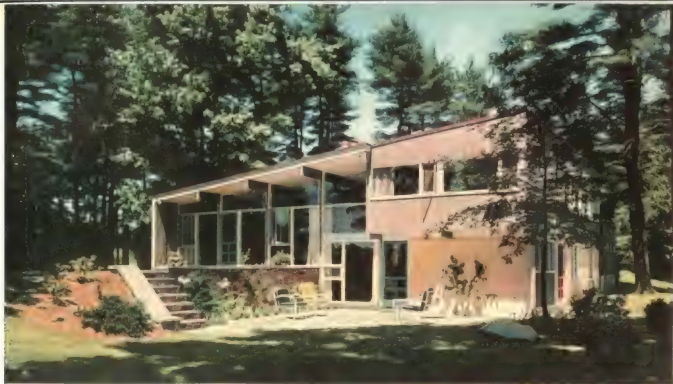
They were not the only innovators. The custom builders (i.e., the higher-priced contractors who tailor a house to the tastes of individual buyers) borrowed tricks from the mass builders. Instead of putting up only a handful of houses a year, as they had before the war, many put up scores at a time.

Mass Experimenters. The greatest architectural experimenters of all were the builders of modern houses. In the '20s and '30s, most modern houses were little more than white plastered blocks with flat roofs, glass-brick walls and skillfully built-in ugliness. Today, modern houses from Maine to Florida and California are built to please the eye. Comparatively, the number of such houses being built is small, only about 210,000 since war's end and only about 10% of the 1,100,000 houses being built this year. Nevertheless, they have influenced the traditional styles of the mass builders, who followed the modernists in eliminating basements, installing wall-sized picture windows, boldly experimenting with interiors.

The modern houses shown on the following pages cost from \$15,000 to \$100,000. In a few years, barring inflation, similar houses may cost less. But so far as many architects are concerned, price is not quite as important as spaciousness and freedom. With its glass walls, the successful modern house "encloses" the whole outdoors. Said the owner of a glassy palace outside Portland, Ore.: "A rainstorm used to depress us. Now it's a show."

* Not without risk. Any Venetian practicing his art abroad was denounced as a traitor, his family was imprisoned, and hired assassins were sent out to hunt him down.

* Largest: *The Battle of Atlanta*, a 400-by-50-ft. cyclorama now on permanent exhibit in Atlanta's Grant Park.



THREE-LEVEL HOUSE, by Hugh Stubbins, hugs slope and traps Massachusetts' winter sun in glassy southern exposure.

SUN & SEVERITY

Twenty years ago, the first stereotyped "modern" houses—with expanses of glass that opened to the sun—were considered pure & simple freaks by most U.S. citizens. Since then, and particularly in the last five years, architects with imagination have dotted the nation

with livable, individualized homes that complement the landscape and suit the climate. As these across-the-land samples show, mild all-year climates encourage less expensive and more original designs. The general tendency is to combine the unbuttoned ease of the California ranch house with the severity of the New England "salt box."

NATIVE FIR HOUSE, by Walter Gordon, blends with Oregon forest setting; heavy winter rains dictated the jutting roof.





TRIANGULAR HIDEAWAY'S glass walls show off books inside and California hills outside. Cost: \$46,800 (by Riggs & Shaw).

STILTS & SLOPE provide simple, straightforward Los Angeles house with covered patio. Cost: \$83,000 (by Kenneth Lind).





OUTDOOR AIR-CONDITIONING, from lily pond and layer of water on flat roof, is feature of Dallas house by O'Neil Ford.

John Moore



TWO-STORY LIVING ROOM gives house by Charles Goodman a country air, only 40 minutes from mid-Washington, D.C.

William Bennett



MOSSY OAK TREES help cool this wing-roofed, racing-stable-styled house by Curtis & Davis in humid New Orleans.

William H. Austin



HILLSIDE ROCK HOUSE, on sun-drenched Arizona desert hilltop, was planned and built by an architect couple, the Mel Ensigns.



CEDAR & GLASS three-bedroom house, by George Fred Keck, stands up to enjoy expensive (\$100,000) view of Lake Michigan.

RELIGION

Bible by Balloon

The International Council of Christian Churches (fundamentalist rival of the World Council of Churches) last week decided on an all-out effort to destroy the prophets of atheism behind the Iron Curtain. Their vehicle: balloons. Small balloons will be set adrift in Europe by council workers, to be carried into Sovietland on the west winds. A waterproof envelope will be attached to each balloon, containing a portion of the Scriptures or an entire Bible. Declared the council: "The greatest single weapon in the hands of freedom-loving people in their struggle with expanding Communism is the Bible."

Dominican Looks at the U.S.

Raymond Leopold Bruckberger, a French Dominican friar, is an explosive combination of scholar, priest and chevalier: a contemplative and cultured man who has also done violent deeds with machine gun and typewriter. In World War II, Father Bruckberger enlisted as a poilu, later volunteered for the French Commandos. He was seriously wounded, twice captured by the Germans (both times he managed to get away) and became Chaplain General of the Resistance. At the liberation of Paris, while German snipers were still firing inside the Cathedral of Notre Dame, he welcomed General de Gaulle into the church for a service of Thanksgiving. His wartime heroism was rewarded with the *Croix de Guerre* and the Legion of Honor.[®]

After the war, Dominican Bruckberger got into hot water again: he urged mercy for certain collaborationists, and founded a controversial magazine called the *Trojan Horse*, in which he attacked not only the Communists but also the "Jacobinism" of France's secularist democracy. Pretty soon his superiors sent him off to the Sahara, where he spent a year as a Foreign Legion chaplain.

Two years ago, Father Bruckberger came to the U.S., where he has been stationed at a Dominican priory in Winona, Minn. Looking at America and Americans with an amused but affectionate and admiring eye, he kept a journal of what he saw and what he thought about it. The journal (which also includes some of his experiences in France and North Africa) has now been published as a book, *One Sky to Share* (Kennedy: \$3). Excerpts:

The Land. "Here, the land has not yet entered into communion with man, and man has not penetrated the mystery of the immense natural forces that shelter him. This land is terribly in need of blessing. The land is perhaps the promised bride of man, but she is not yet his. Most often she refuses to give herself or sub-

mits against her will. The land and man do not know each other in the flesh and in the spirit. Man is not able to take his pleasure with her . . .

"Where Nature is mistress . . . villages are tiny islands and refuges, and houses in the country have no more significance than rowboats on the ocean . . .

"At midnight and from high above, the most spread-out city in America [Los Angeles] appeared like an infinite garden of lights, with just the touch of fantasy-within-symmetry which is suitable to a garden *à la française*. When one looks at things in America from above, one is sure to find them beautiful. I think that is proof that they are beautiful . . .

"What do people mean when they say that American civilization is urban and



Blackstone

FATHER BRUCKBERGER
In profound accord with America.

that nine-tenths of the population is concentrated in the cities? It is necessary to see and know these cities, populated with squirrels and rabbits as well as men, in which almost all houses are of wood, scattered amid trees and green lawns. Cities that have no walls or gates and have never had any, cities whose right-angled streets disclose the absence of an urban tradition."

The People. "In every American—including the women—there is a journalist and a detective. The American wants to find out and he has at his disposal a method of investigation that is often annoying, usually very efficient, and in the end rather touching. For actually it is very good of him to be interested in the whole world . . .

"If I were young and taking my degrees here, I would be tempted to use as the subject of a thesis, 'Cruelty in divorce cases in America.' I would search the archives of the courts, and by methods



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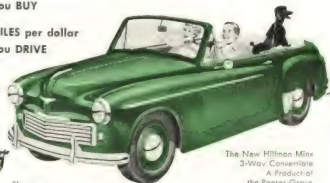
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[®] At an official luncheon in Chicago, Father Bruckberger appeared with a strip of red Cellophane tucked in his lapel. "Legion of Honor?" asked the French consul. "No," answered Bruckberger, "Lucky Strike."

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both psychoanalytical and sociological I would attempt to sift out the personalities from the documents. In this way one would obtain a very interesting picture of the American woman . . .

"How I wish there were a great saint in the United States, Dominican and Negro, a saint such as St. Francis of Assisi who could inspire a whole generation of youth and create in this country spiritual forms as universally intelligible as the music of Harlem: sainthood in blue . . .

"Today, on his feast day, I was thinking of St. Thomas Aquinas. If he came to America, he would certainly be well received. But he would have to teach 20 hours a week, hear confessions every Saturday, give two sermons every Sunday, and make three speeches a month. Under those conditions, how could he become St. Thomas?"

The Faith. "In the United States I breathe freely, and on analyzing this impression, I find myself in profound accord with the political thought and the institutions of this nation. To use a great word that sums up everything, for the first time in my life I breathe in a climate of legitimacy. Here, it is evident that democracy is legitimate, that is, it springs from an undetiled source. For a Frenchman, it is an immense surprise and a deliverance to feel so . . .

"Americans are changing their myths . . . They no longer believe in American omnipotence, nor in the absolute inviolability of their territory and their way of life . . . Politically America has just arrived at maturity—that is, at a state of awareness of personal risk . . . Korea has killed the myth of the happy ending . . .

"America—and France, too—is completely the contrary of a nation of prey. Nothing is more foreign to her character than the maxim of every tyranny since the world began: 'Hate me if you will, provided that you fear me.' America is wretched over the necessity for making herself feared, and she cannot bear to be hated. Her great errors have always been in the realm of the emotions . . .

"This nation is Christian . . . It is in the religious domain that we can see most clearly that America does not make a part of the 'modern world.' The great Annunciation of this modern world, of which Nietzsche was the herald, 'God is dead,' has missed America. One has the impression that it did not reach this far. Or if it is noticed, it is not understood. It has no grip on this nation. This nation is pious. Perhaps it is necessary to be 40 centuries old in order to feel and live atheism as certain Europeans feel and live it."

"Forward to Luther"

In the bomb-scarred German city of Hannover last week, 20,000 delegates and pious visitors met for the second assembly of the Lutheran World Federation. At their first meeting, held at Lund, Sweden in 1947, the air was thick with gloom. Churchmen sadly analyzed the near collapse of German Lutheranism under Hitler; they were just as glum about Lutheran participation in the worldwide

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ecumenical movement. But in 1952, although the world seemed to be even worse off, the glum gloom was gone. Exuberant, vigorous Lutherans showed new signs of a desire for Christian cooperation and an honest awareness of Christianity's common danger that few other churches could match.

The delegates to Hannover, drawn from 24 countries, represented the bulk of Protestant Christianity's largest denomination (total Lutheran membership: 68 million).^{*} Among them: Norway's Bishop Eivind Berggrav; Sweden's Bishop Anders Nygren (who set the keynote: "Not back to Luther but forward to Luther"); Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, the hustling president of the United Lutheran Church in America; Hannover's Bishop Hanns Lilje. But the central figure of the assembly was a man who had never been to Hannover in his life: Martin Luther. Lutherans talked of their founder in a spirit of devoted familiarity. They spent their spare time in Hannover singing Luther's hymns, talking fondly of his greatness and his mistakes, his piety and his beer-drinking. Said Lutheran Fry to a reporter: "Luther was really a great guy. I wish you could have known him."

"Captive Brethren." The assembly's No. 1 problem was one which Founder Luther had never reckoned with. There are more than 20 million Lutherans behind the Iron Curtain, more "captive brethren" than belong to any other Protestant denomination. Just before the assembly opened, East Germany's Red rulers denied passage to 5,000 visitors and delegates who wanted to go to Hannover. Hungary's 460,000 Lutherans were represented not by beloved 51-year-old Bishop Lajos Ordass, in prison or under house arrest since 1948, but by young Bishop Laszlo Dezseri, an avowed and militant Communist.

In the circumstances, the Lutherans might have been expected to walk cautiously. An over-rigid insistence on Christian respect for civil authority has often blinded Lutherans to the abuses of tyrannical governments, e.g., the Nazis. But not this time. In a loudly applauded speech, Norway's Bishop Berggrav, who led an anti-Nazi resistance movement in World War II, set forth a firm new stand. Said he:

"It is a positively frightful misrepresentation of Lutheran doctrine to assert that wild conquerors and despotic revolutionists should be acknowledged as God-appointed rulers. It is high time such views be labeled as heretical. . . . The church has a sacred duty, come what may, fearlessly to proclaim to the unjust ruler

^{*} Some 51 million belong to churches in the federation. Most important holdout, which sent 25 "observers" to Hannover: the conservative and independent-minded Missouri Synod in the U. S. (membership: 1,700,000).

† An opinion apparently not shared by the Church of England. Fortnight ago (TIME, July 28), the Archbishop of Canterbury told the House of Lords that Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Red Dean of Canterbury, cannot be considered as having heretical views just because he propagandizes for the Communists.



BISHOP LILJE

"Gullible stupidity is neither Christian nor Lutheran."

the unvarnished truth set forth in the Gospel and the Law . . .

"Gullible stupidity is neither Christian nor Lutheran . . . The most important of Luther's occasional utterances on this subject is his statement that princes and Christian citizens need not obey emperors and kings who plainly violate the law . . . Translated into modern terminology this means: active resistance."

"Be a Salt." From the battle against the police state, Bishop Berggrav went on to take up arms against the welfare state. "The slogan is: 'The welfare state takes care of all problems arising in the life of its citizens down to toothaches and bath water.' The state we see today attempts to take the place of God by substituting welfare for faith and God . . . Here is a state that, even when it cloaks itself in the garments of democracy, is blasphemous. It assumes for itself the rights of God and is therefore our mortal enemy. It need not develop in this direction provided the church and individual Christians exert a positive and helpful influence." Bishop Berggrav's prescription: "Be a leaven, be a salt; if need be, a dangerous salt."

Seconding Bishop Berggrav's opinions, the assembly elected as its new president Hannover's Bishop Lilje, 53, one of the most potent anti-Communist churchmen in Europe. A famed spiritual leader as well as a theologian, he is given credit for "revitalizing" the church in Germany. On his visits to East Germany (which he can no longer make), pious crowds often surrounded him in the streets, spontaneously breaking into hymns.

Under Lilje's leadership, the Lutherans plan: 1) to enlarge their extensive world relief service; 2) to increase their ecumenical cooperation with other Protestant communions; 3) to continue warfare against world Communism.



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Copter Hop

The helicopter came of age in 1950 in the Korean war. On awkward, whirling wings, from Korean battlefields to Brazilian jungles, it has fluttered to the rescue of grounded airmen. It has ferried passengers and cargo to remote landings that were unreachable by conventional, straight-wing planes. Last week the helicopter added new range to its versatility. In a 3,400-mile hop, skip & jump, a pair of Sikorsky H-19 helicopters landed in

1,000 rounds of 14-in. and 8-in. ammunition. From their battle stations, lookouts reported the flares and star shells of the otherwise invisible Japanese. Radar operators called in corrections for what seemed to be near misses. But there was no return fire. Eventually, a bewildered Navy decided that it had been slugging it out with phantoms.

Last week in Washington, Vice Admiral Robert C. Giffen (ret.), who had commanded U.S. forces during the great Alaskan "Battle of the Blips," had reason to



U.S. Coast Guard

"SAUCERS" OVER SALEM
In New York, shiny balls; over Indiana, a bat out of hell.

Prestwick, Scotland, after a leisurely 16-day flight from Westover Field, Mass. For the first time, rotary-wing aircraft had spanned the Atlantic.

On all five legs of the flight, the Air Force rescue planes were guarded by other search-and-rescue planes that also flew weather reconnaissance. Extra gas tanks were crammed in the space for ten passengers. The lumbering H-19s found the going roughest between Labrador and Greenland. After three misses, the helicopters dropped to within 35 feet of the icy waves and poked through 100-yard visibility to a tiny island in a Greenland fiord.

The helicopters went on to Wiesbaden, Germany, for their normal work: search and rescue. The carefully planned trip may soon be followed by regular long-range ferry hops. The cost of dismantling each helicopter and shipping it to Germany would have been more than \$6,000.

Something in the Air

Off the Aleutian Islands, in the dangerous summer of 1943, the radar watch of a Navy task force picked up the blips of enemy warships. In a brisk, 45-minute fire fight, the battle fleet expended more than

recall his embarrassing adventure. Washington itself had just lived through a phantom invasion when unidentified blips on a Civil Aeronautics Authority radar brought jet fighters screaming over from Delaware to hunt "flying saucers" (TIME, Aug. 4). The fighters had shot down no night-flying saucers, but two of them had found radar targets. It appeared later that they had been drawing a bead on each other.

The Navy, said Admiral Giffen, was convinced by now that its Alaskan battle force had steamed in under a high-riding layer of warm air that acted as a kind of electronic ceiling. Radar pulses bounced off the "inversion" layer and echoed back from the Amchitka mountains, more than 100 miles away. A similar temperature inversion was hovering over the capital when the saucers flew in. Admiral Giffen thought that atmospheric conditions were still the best explanation for the ghostly targets.

Crockery. But Washington was not the only city attacked last month by the airborne crockery. From all over the country frightened phone calls and irate demands for information rang through the Pentagon. Air Force intelligence, official guard-

ian of saucer information, was smothered by an alltime record of reported sightings. Items:

¶ In Salem, Mass., Coast Guard Photographer Shell Alpert glanced out the window and saw several bright lights shimmering in the morning sunshine. After calling a friend to verify what he could not quite believe, Alpert managed to photograph the strange formation just before it vanished. Even a dirty screen on the photo-lab window did not blot out the luminous formation near the power plant smokestacks (see cut).

¶ Flying over Greenfield, Ind., an airline pilot reported a brilliant green, tear-shaped light "going like a bat out of hell."

¶ In Chenango County, N.Y., citizens gathered in crowds to watch a "whole flotilla of bright, shiny balls moving rapidly in a northerly direction." Jet fighters scrambled from Griffiss Air Force Base in Rome, N.Y., but found nothing.

¶ Over the AEC's atomic laboratory at Los Alamos, N.M., observers watched a shiny and "apparently metallic" object jerk through the sky for 30 minutes at high speed.

¶ Off Korea, the crew of a Canadian destroyer spotted two "flying discs" that disappeared at dawn. By radar, the objects were fixed two miles high and seven miles away.

Satisfaction. Last week, in an effort to clear the air and take the heat off its frantic Intelligence Section, the Air Force answered some questions. Major General Roger M. Ramey, Director of Operations, and Major General John A. Samford, Director of Intelligence, did their best to explain away the excitement. All the reports together, said General Ramey, do not establish any pattern that can be construed as menacing. After six years of study, he is "reasonably well" convinced that there is no such thing as a "flying saucer."

Like the Navy, the Air Force was sure that temperature inversions over the nation's capital had permitted high-angling radars to pick up trucks and other moving targets on the ground. But what about the other 1,000 or more sightings elsewhere? In a Pentagon press conference, just as if he meant to be reassuring, General Samford went on to state that such things as missiles, ice formations, birds, meteors, and honest misinterpretations of natural phenomena account for all but 20% of them. That still left plenty unexplained. So the Air Force plans to distribute 200 special cameras to competent observers and has ordered some powerful new telescopes that will scan the sky continuously from horizon to horizon.

In Silent Beauty

As anxious as an expectant father, Botanist Ichiro Ohga rushed from Tokyo to a farmyard in Kemigawa town, 25 miles southeast of the city. There, he carefully examined the ripening bud on a lotus plant. Blossoming, decided Dr. Ohga, would be a little premature. He settled down beside the aged iron cauldron that

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When you see the familiar Armco trademark on the stainless steel products you buy for your home, you can be sure the manufacturer used this special Armco steel to give you greater value and satisfaction for your money.



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served as a flower pot and waited for the unfolding petals.

Ordinarily a blooming lotus merits no such rapt attention from Professor Ohga, who has been studying the genus for 30 years and is known in Japan as "Dr. Lotus." But this plant, lovingly tended by the doctor's good friend, 69-year-old Soy Sauce-maker Moemon Ihara, had sprouted from a seed found in a nearby peat bog, imbedded in a neolithic canoe. Counting on 100 years to form each foot of the 15 feet of peat that covered the seed, and adding 500 years for the layer of topsoil above the peat, Dr. Lotus calculated that his seed was some 2,000 years old.

For four days, while the plant flowered, the patient botanist watched and kept a detailed diary. He saw nothing that he



Koy Toteishi

"DR. LOTUS"
Bottle, cup, bowl, saucer.

had not seen many times before while studying the modern lotus. "On the first day," he wrote, "it assumes the shape of a sake bottle; on the second, the shape of a sake cup; on the third, the shape of a soup bowl; on the fourth, the shape of a saucer." By the end of the fourth day, the pale pink petals begin to wither and turn brown. Soon, all that is left is the seed pod, splayed out like an upright shower nozzle. "It just goes to show you," said Dr. Lotus, "that plants do not undergo evolutionary changes in 2,000 years. Even the size and color is the same."

Dr. Lotus' observations convinced him of a second point. He did not hear the faint, soft pop of opening petals that has echoed for centuries through Japanese literature. Some years ago on a summer morning, the skeptical scientist dragged recording equipment to the shore of a lotus pond. There he assured himself that the modern flower blooms in silent beauty. Last week he "listened" to a prehistoric plant open to morning sunlight. Smiling till his tiny eyes all but disappeared in his face, he had had news for sentimentalists: in spite of all that the poets have said, even a 2,000-year-old lotus blossoms without a whisper.

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LEWISOHN CONCERT
A natural for a summer evening.



Manhattan-Pia, Columbia
COMPOSER MENOTTI

Stadium Scoreboard

Composer Gian-Carlo Menotti, 41, won another accolade last week: a whole concert given over to his music in Manhattan's Lewisohn Stadium. There were selections from his operas *Amelia Goes to the Ball*, *The Consul*, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, *The Island God*, *The Old Maid and the Thief*, as well as part of his ballet *Sebastian* and his *Piano Concerto*. By the end of the evening, Menotti had proved again that he is one of the most melodious composers of the day and a natural for a summer evening outdoors. Thomas Schippers, 22, led the Menotti program with perception and skill.

Winding up its 27-concert season last week, Lewisohn had also proved that popular music is still popular, consistently drawing more listeners than highbrow events. The Kern-Hammerstein night played to 19,000, the Gershwin night to 18,500. The best draws (17,500) among the classical programs: 1) Contralto Marian Anderson; 2) the combination of Beethoven's music, the conducting of Pierre Monteux and the violin playing of Yehudi Menuhin.

The season also brought one notable triumph to the stadium's bustling guardian genius, Mrs. Charles S. ("Minnie") Guggenheimer, 70, in her running battle with the weather (five concerts rained out) and airplanes. After a series of appeals to La Guardia Field, pilots agreed to cooperate by routing their flights away from the stadium during the concerts, and the number of pianissimo passages drowned out by droning engines overhead went down from 14 (on opening night) to an average of two a night at the end of the season.

New Pop Records

Big bands used to take their personality from the improvisations of the front men—Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, et al.—and the orchestrations had only to fit into the leader's style. Nowadays, most bands get their special

character from the arranger's musical personality, and the musicians just sit there and play the notes he writes. The most recent and one of the most original of the arrangers' bands, launched last week by Victor: the combination of Ed Sauter, 37, who wrote such items as *Benny Rides Again* and *Superman* for Goodman, and Bill Finegan, 35, who was on the staff of the Glenn Miller band for its whole four-year life.

All of the first four Sauter-Finegan recordings have an enlarged percussion section (xylophone, bells, kettledrums, etc.). But each side has a definite mood of its own: *Rain* sizzles like a summer shower on a slate roof; *Azure-Te* hits a melancholy note with a low, liquid flute sound (played on a recorder); *Stop! Sit Down! Relax!*



ARRANGERS SAUTER & FINEGAN
A lusty, swinging item.

Think! is a lusty, swinging tune; *Doodle-town Fifers* mixes pxy tootlings with brassy blasts. Some of it may sound contrived, but the overall effect is alert, bright fun.

Other new records:

Hooray for Captain Spaulding (Groucho Marx: Decca LP). Six zany songs by the team of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, best known for such ditties as *Three Little Words*. Groucho's audible leer, set off by a barbershop quintet, works over *Omaha*, *Nebraska*, *Dr. Hickenbush* and the immortal *Show Me a Rose* ("Or leave me alone").

New Sounds from Sweden, Vol. 1 (Leonard Feather's Swinging Swedes; Prestige LP). Some remarkably up-to-date jazz imported from Scandinavia by Jazz Expert Feather. *Rain on the Roof* and *Moonlight Saving Time* are rather stiff, but *Swedish Butterfly* and *September Serenade* are stylish bits of rhythm.

The Benny Goodman Trio (Columbia LP). The King of Swing gets together for the first time in 13 years with Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa to help out his old arranger, ailing Fletcher Henderson. The ensemble sounds surprisingly spry, playing such old favorites as *Body and Soul*, *After You've Gone*, *Honeysuckle Rose*.

Wish You Were Here (Fran Warren; M-G-M). Sultry Songstress Warren sighs and moans her way through the title song of Broadway's newest musical.

School of Love ("Friday" Hughes; M-G-M). Artless amatory technique, described in relaxed but confident tones by Singer Hughes. A relief from the agonized hullerine of most current male singers.

Adios (Gisèle MacKenzie; Capitol). A fresh voice, an old rumba and a jingling clattering Afro-Cuban accompaniment add up to a first-rate new love song.

Bim Bam Baby (Frank Sinatra; Columbia). Crooner Sinatra, who has been in need of a hit record for years, turns up in a socko mood that might turn the trick. "Clim clam cleanup the rim ram room," shouts Frankie, "'cause your bim bam baby's comin' home tonight."



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the *Ottawa Journal*:

GOVERNOR GENERAL
TO HANG IN OFFICE
OF DELIGHTED MAYOR[®]

The Swing to Ike

In the South, the editorial pages of dozens of papers last week were a surprise. Never before had so many Southern dailies come out for a Republican candidate. Such big dailies as the *Richmond News Leader*, *Dallas Times-Herald* and *Birmingham News*, which are traditionally Democratic, are supporting a Republican this year for the first time in their history. Another switch came from the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, whose editorials by Vir-

ginus declared themselves. A.P. found that 54 papers have come out or are coming out for Ike, while only 29 are for Stevenson. The rest are still undecided. This was a big gain for the Republicans.

In 1948, only 24 of the papers had supported Dewey, although another 22 had supported Thurmond. Actually, Southern papers have been deserting the Democrats since the early days of the New Deal. This year, with some Dixiecrat papers swinging to Ike, the exodus has been like a stampede.

The 54 papers in Ike's camp are:

ALABAMA: *Birmingham Post-Herald* and *News*, *Dothan Eagle*, *Montgomery Advertiser* and *Alabama Journal*, *Talladega Daily Home*, *Selma Times-Journal*.

ARKANSAS: *Paragould Big Picture*.

FLORIDA: *Palatka News*, *St. Petersburg Independent*, *Gainesville Sun*, *Orlando Sentinel*, *Miami Herald*, *Fort Lauderdale News & Sentinel*, *Fort Pierce News-Tribune*.

GEORGIA: *Savannah Evening Press* and *Morning News*, *Tifton Gazette*, *Columbus Ledger*.

KENTUCKY: *Lexington Leader*.

LOUISIANA: *North Baton Rouge Journal*, *Mississippi: Hattiesburg American*, *Laurel Leader-Call*.

OKLAHOMA: *Oklahoma City Oklahoman* and *Times*, *Tulsa Tribune* and *World*, *Enid News and Eagle*.

TENNESSEE: *Maryville Daily Times*, *Memphis Commercial Appeal* and *Press-Scimitar*, *Chattanooga Times* and *Free Press*, *Knoxville News-Sentinel*.

TEXAS: *Dallas Times-Herald* and *Morning News*, *Denton Record-Chronicle*, *Corpus Christi Caller-Times*, *Palestine Herald Press*, *Houston Post and Press*, *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* and *Press*, *San Antonio Express* and *News*, *San Antonio Light*, *San Angelo Standard-Times*, *Longview News-Journal*.

VIRGINIA: *Suffolk News-Herald*, *Richmond News Leader* and *Times-Dispatch*, *Petersburg Progress-Index*, *Pulaski Southwest Times*.

The Colonel's Dilemma

Refreshed from a week's vacation and 72nd birthday celebration at his paper mill in northern Quebec, *Chicago Tribune* Publisher Robert R. ("Bertie") McCormick last week came back to work. He stepped briskly out of the elevator of Chicago's Tribune Tower into his oval-shaped office on the 24th floor, greeted his secretary and asked: "Will you please call WGN [the Trib's radio station] and ask them for the correct time?" A moment later she announced that it was 11:21. McCormick carefully set the gold-handled watch on his right wrist and the silver-handled one on his left. Then, watches synchronized, he sat down beside his big marble-topped desk to face the Trib's big problem. The problem: Whom shall it support in the 1952 presidential campaign? The Trib's heart was broken when Bob Taft lost. After Ike's nomination, the Trib



Associated Press
VIRGINIA'S VIRGINIUS DABNEY
He cast his weight unreservedly.

ginius Dabney backed the New Deal and earned him a reputation as one of the South's leading liberals. Wrote Dabney, explaining why his paper is supporting its first Republican candidate in 101 years: "[The paper] casts its weight unreservedly behind the candidacy of Dwight D. Eisenhower . . . The time has come for a change from top to bottom in Washington, with a new party in control . . . The Democrats have been in power too long for their own and the nation's good." The *Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser*, *Alabama Journal* and *Hattiesburg (Miss.) American*, which in 1948 strayed momentarily from the regular Democratic fold to support Dixiecrat Candidate J. Strom Thurmond, have gone over to Ike.

Last week the Associated Press finished a survey of 112 Southern papers which in

[®] Translation: Governor General Massey sent his picture to Ottawa's mayor.



The plane air travelers ask for by name

Every day, Boeing Stratocruisers lift off the runways at the rim of America. Climbing to the east, south and west, they head for the smooth upper air over the Atlantic and Pacific, and a few hours later land at skyports in Europe, South America, Hawaii, Japan.

These big, luxurious, double-decked Boeings, though in service less than three years, have flown over 80 million miles. They have transported more than 1,400,000 passengers, half of them along over-ocean routes.

The Stratocruiser, known as "The Boeing" by its skippers and crews, already is an undisputed box office star. Airline ticket agents report that more and more travelers are asking specifically for the Stratocruiser. Pan American's Boeings outbound from New York to Paris and to Rome are typical examples. Their loads have averaged right up to capacity all summer.

Besides such manifest passenger appeal, the Boeing Stratocruiser is establishing an outstanding operating

record. This is not surprising because for years Boeing has concentrated on building multi-engine aircraft.

Boeing's unmatched engineering and production experience has resulted in such airplanes as the Stratocruiser and its versatile sister ship, the military C-97 Stratofreighter; the famous B-17, the B-29 and B-50 Superforts, the sensational six-jet B-47 Stratojet —and the newest and most advanced of all, the giant eight-jet B-52 Strato-fortress.

Fleets of Boeing Stratocruisers are in service on **Pan American World Airways, Northwest Airlines, United Air Lines and British Overseas Airways Corporation.** For the Air Force, Boeing builds the B-50 Superfortress, B-47 Stratojet, C-97 Stratofreighter; and is now starting production on the B-52 Strato-fortress.

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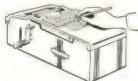
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Landing number 39,000 for the first in the fight!



It was no coincidence that the 39,000th plane to come to a stop in the U. S. S. Midway's arresting gear was a F9F PANTHER. These battle-proved fighters, first Navy jets to see combat in Korea, have been taking off and landing on this big carrier's deck for over two years. That the once spectacular is now the commonplace reflects Navy and Marine Corps skill and teamwork . . . plus the inherent ruggedness and dependability of the

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Contractors to the Armed Forces

new set of ground rules for himself and proved he was still master of the humorous, wry style that made him famous before he became a bore. Wrote Pegler:

"The great trouble with you, Pegler, is that you write too damn long. You run on and on like a hack driver's dream, blaviating about unions and the Constitution and the income tax, and you forget the white paper has been going up and up and that a newspaper has got to set a table of smörgåsbord, with some of this and some of that . . . to hold the readers who draw the advertisers who pay your princely stipend. Why don't you write more funny stuff? . . . I guess you don't want people to know you still tie a bag on now and again these days when you have gone cosmic and claim to know all the answers . . . Keep them guessing, Pegler. Don't groove your stuff so that they can figure you for unions Monday, La Boca* Tuesday, civil rights Wednesday, and your message to mankind Thursday."

"People have got to concentrate when you start giving them the old habeas corpus mandamus potatus. Don't try to be required reading. Be a diversion . . . You remind me of an old ham in vaudeville stretching his laughs and sweating his bows and keeping the other acts hanging around cracking peanuts or laundering their tights in the basin when it would have been more effective to quit on a loud laugh five minutes sooner . . . The trouble with you, Pegler, is when you have got nothing more to say you say it, and say it, and say it, when the thing to do is to stop right here."

Victory for Pearson

When Washington Lobbyist Charles P. Clark went on trial last week on a charge of punching Columnist Drew Pearson, he sprang an ingenious defense. Pearson, said Clark, had "verbally assaulted" him in his column when he charged that Clark had used undue influence to get Maine Senator Owen Brewster and Brooklyn Congressman Eugene Keogh to sponsor aid to Franco. Furthermore, said Clark, Pearson had menaced him with a "threatening gesture" just before he bopped Pearson in the lobby of Washington's Mayflower Hotel. But Pearson, a Quaker whose personal manner is as mild as his column is ferocious, proved to the jury that he wouldn't menace anyone. Clark was convicted, faces sentencing this week. Maximum: \$500 fine and one year in jail.

Pearson's victory turned out to be a severe blow to his journalistic pride. In examining the jurors for bias, the defense counsel asked the panel whether any of them ever read Pearson's column. All twelve sat stonily silent. Then he asked whether any listened to Pearson's radio show or watched his TV program. Under direct questioning, one woman finally admitted she had seen Pearson on TV, but didn't remember much about him. Said Pearson wryly: "If I'd known we were going to get into all this, I'd never have brought the charge."

* Peaderese for Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

TIME, AUGUST 11, 1952



*Continuous Cotton Towels used by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company are serviced by Akron Towel Supply Company.



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• The world's largest producer of rubber products, Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, manufactures a multitude of things for home and industry, from rubber heels and soles to conveyor and transmission belts. The building of automotive and aviation tires is, however, their biggest business. Shown above is a Goodyear white wall tire being removed from a curing press.

Back in '45 Goodyear installed continuous cotton towels in washrooms at Akron to help keep these busy service rooms cleaner and tidier. *Goodyear maintenance supervisors are now more than satisfied that cotton towels better serve their needs for efficient towel service.* Their employees appreciate the greater comfort afforded by soft, absorbent cotton towels.

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SPORT



DIVER PATRICIA MCCORMICK
She sparked the sweep.

Ralph Crane—Life

Olympic Finale

The last full day of the Olympic Games dawned with Russia's athletes still in the lead. Their team margin over the U.S., heavily beefed by their peerless women athletes, had dwindled to a shaky 24½ points—but it was still a lead, and the U.S. team knew it was facing the day of decision.

Victory for the U.S. came in the eleventh-hour style of Frank Merriwell, a U.S. Olympian most Russians never heard of. Among the point-grabbers:

■ California's shapely Mrs. Patricia McCormick, already winner of the women's springboard-diving title, climbed the ladder, and with a superb exhibition (e.g., a running, flying one-and-a-half somersault with pike, a hand-stand with forward cut-through half-gainer layout) took first place in the high-diving contest. Paula Jean Myers and Mrs. Juno Stover Irwin took second and third to make the sweep.

■ While Australia's crack Breast-Stroker John Davies clipped the Olympic record in the 200-meter event, the University of Iowa's Bowen Stassforth bobbed in a close second to pick up another five points for the U.S.

■ Ohio State's 19-year-old Ford Konno smashed the Olympic 1,500-meter free-style swimming record and wrapped up victory: his first put the U.S. out in front of the U.S.S.R. for the first time.

Gloom hung as heavy as an Iron Curtain over the Communist camp. An official there was asked by reporters what had happened to the big gymnasium scoreboard, which had so proudly blared the Communist winners and their scores. He said the board was still there. A Western reporter slipped inside to look. Someone had erased the scores.

For the fast-finishing U.S. teams, the rest of the events were easy. Going into the basketball final, the U.S. was a top-heavy favorite to beat Russia, having outsped and outshot the Soviet players earlier, 86-58. But in the final, the Russians reasoned soundly that the Americans could not make baskets if they did not have the ball. Their tactic pro-

duced one of the weirdest games ever played. Before eagle-eyed Soviet statisticians, chartmakers and movie cameras (scouting the U.S. technique for future reference), the Russians froze on to the ball as if it were a comrade. Then flashy U.S. Star Bob Kurland uncorked the game's key maneuver. To his teammates he shouted: "Hey, 'The Mustache' [Soviet Star Otar Korkija] has three fouls!" A moment later, Kurland managed to get fouled by Korkija, and under the Olympic rules (four fouls and out) the mustachioed Russian star left the game. After that, the U.S. finally snared its third straight Olympic basketball triumph, 36-25.

The boxing results sealed the U.S. team title. The U.S.'s Flyweight Nate Brooks, Light-Welterweight Charles Adkins, Middleweight Floyd Patterson, Light-Heavyweight Norvel Lee and Heavyweight Edward Sanders copped five gold medals (worth 30 points) in the ten final matches (Russian boxers got two silver medals).

Pointless Scoreboard. No matter how the Russians figured it—their way (493-484½) or the "regular" unofficial way (614-553½)—the U.S. had won.*

Among the week's standout athletes:

■ The University of Texas' David ("Skippy") Browning, who led the U.S.'s 1-2-3 sweep in springboard diving.

■ The U.S. 800-meter relay swimming team, which set an Olympic mark of 8 min. 31.1 sec.

■ The U.S. Army Medical Corps' Major Sammy Lee, 1948 Olympic high-diving champion, who repeated his victory.

■ Hungary's one-handed Marksman Karoly Takacs, who helped his country take third place in the Olympics by winning the silhouette (pistol) shooting championship for the second time (he won in 1948), with 60 hits, for a score of 579.

■ France's Jean Boiteux, who beat out Ford Konno in the 400-meter free-style

* In recent Olympics, an unofficial national team championship has been decided by crediting a gold medal with ten points, second through sixth places with 5-4-3-2-1 points. This year the Russians, shorter than the U.S. on gold medals, varied the tally method by awarding only seven points for a first place.

swimming final, setting an Olympic record of 4 min. 30.7 sec. and inspiring his excited father to plunge for joy, beret and all, into the pool.

"Faster, Higher, Stronger." Beyond question, the Olympics' top hero was its only triple winner, Emil Zatopek, the brilliant, eccentric-styled Czechoslovakian army captain who runs as if every step would be his last. After shattering Olympic marks in the 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs, he capped his own climax by breaking the Olympic marathon record the first & only time he ever ran the tortuous (26 mi. 38½ yd.) distance. The biggest Olympic disappointment was Japan's top-rated swimming team, which copped only two silver medals. Even famed Hironoshin ("the Flying Fish") Furubashi straggled in a bad last in the 400-meter free-style final.

By week's end most of the athletes had left Helsinki and the hospitality of the "wonderful Finns." Once again, as the sun slanted long shadows across the Olympic stadium, the flags of the nations were paraded around the brick-red track. Seven Finnish naval cadets, handsome in blue uniforms and white caps, lowered the Olympic flag. On its high tower, the Olympic torch flared brightly for a moment, then went out, while the crowd sang the Finnish national anthem, the electric scoreboard hopefully flashed in Latin the Olympic motto: "Faster, higher, stronger." If no general war intervened, the world's athletes would assemble again at Melbourne, Australia, for the XVI Olympiad in 1956.

Boxer v. Puncher

The promoters tried to bill it as the "fight of the century," and barred radio and television from ringside, but the fans were not fooled. Only 31,188 customers turned up in Yankee Stadium to see Heavyweight Harry ("Kid") Matthews,



Mark Kauffman—Life

FREE-STYLER FORD KONNO
He switched the lead.

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aluminum industry's vast expansion. Kaiser Aluminum alone has expanded facilities which will increase its production of primary aluminum 137%, by far the largest percentage gain in the industry.

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Lightweight aluminum with its durable and beautiful natural finish assures easy-to-move outdoor furniture that won't rust. Insist on aluminum!

a pretty boxer who can't punch, square off against "Rocky" Marciano, a rugged puncher who can't box.

In the first round, Matthews nimbly danced away from most of Marciano's bullish lunges, but caught a slam-bang one-two on the jaw just before the bell. The referee steered the Kid toward his own corner. In the other corner, Marciano's manager then told Rocky: "Stop hooking. Jab first—then hook and double it up." About two minutes later, Rocky applied the advice. Matthews went down on to the seat of his boxing trunks as if his ring record (unbeaten since 1943) had been pulled out from under him, took a count of 10. Mauler Marciano (42 victories, 37 knockouts) had won himself a crack, next September, at the heavyweight crown of elderly (38) but shifty Jersey Joe Walcott, who may get the same kind of rough treatment—if Rocky can catch him.

Last Trail

The one major conquest that remained for serious European mountain climbers was the sheer west face of the Aiguille du Dru, which rises over the Chamonix Valley to 12,247 ft. above sea level. To blaze this last unclimbed trail in the Alps, four tough young Frenchmen roped themselves together with 70-ft. lengths of nylon and started up.

Led by Adrien Dagory, 29, a Paris candymaker, and Guido Magnone, 30, a cardboard-box manufacturer, who was a member of the first team to scale "unconquerable" Mount Fitz Roy (alt. 10,958 ft.) in Patagonia, the climbers approached the Dru with a healthy respect. In earlier assaults on it, they had been beaten by a rockslide and a five-day snowstorm. This time hunger and thirst stopped them about 650 ft. from the summit after they had scaled an obstinate *dièdre*, a rock ledge jutting out like the edge of doom. Forced to return to their base camp, the mountaineers picked up more food and an extra supply of *pitons*, the big spikes with eyelets through which climbers string safety ropes.

Racing up again against threatening weather and a lately arrived team of Italians, the climbers took a longer but safer route, up the Dru's north face and over to the point where they had left off earlier. Nearing the needle-like summit, the second man loosened a great boulder that plummeted so close to Dagory that it ripped off his knapsack and scattered a cascade of bright Jordan almonds down the mountainside. But by late afternoon the four men were perched atop the Dru, waiting for aerial photographers to record their triumph. Europe's last unconquered passage had been opened.

Back in his candy shop last week, Adrien Dagory felt all hemmed in. "It's too stuffy indoors," said he. At week's end he took his wife and young son out camping under the pines of Fontainebleau Forest. There Adrien spent his day scrambling up & down piddling little 15- and 20-ft. rocks. "It's not the real thing," he explained, "but it helps to perfect your technique."



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JAGUAR *Grace. Space. Pace...*

EDUCATION

Yale's Answer

With costs up, endowment incomes down, and the number of millionaires dwindling, more & more private campuses have been wondering where to turn for money. Last week, Yale University knew it had found an answer. By making its regular Alumni Fund its top fund-raising activity, it had achieved some startlingly good results.

Alumni donations, which reached \$508,765 in 1949 and jumped to the \$1,000,000 mark last year when Yale celebrated its 250th anniversary, were even higher in "normal" 1951-52. The total: \$1,015,418 —the largest unrestricted contribution any college or university has ever received through its alumni fund in one year. In ready cash, the gift is equivalent to the income from \$25 million in carefully invested endowment.

School for the Santa Fe

At the University of Southern California, 34 men solemnly marched into a banquet hall one evening last week for a special commencement ceremony. They were trainmasters, paymasters, auditors and public-relations men. Their ages ranged from 28 to 54. Employees of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, they had just finished a rugged new six-week course: how to think clearly about the society in which they live.

This ambitious project was the brainchild of Fred G. Gurley, 63, Santa Fe president and a U.S.C. trustee. Boss of 65,000 employees and 13,000 miles of track, Gurley had watched his railroad prosper, but with the uneasy suspicion that it was failing in a primary duty: to help its personnel understand the free-enterprise economy in which they operate. Last spring Gurley suggested that U.S.C.'s President Fred D. Fagg Jr. organize a new course just for the Santa Fe.

Headed by Dean (of Commerce) Lawrence Lockley, a six-man team of professors worked out the curriculum. They avoided specialized courses in business practices, concentrated on broad social problems. Students attended classes from 8:30 to 4 each day in subjects ranging from child labor to civil rights to Communism. They held mock business conferences, practiced public speaking.

Three times a week, after dinner, they attended a lecture, spent weekends touring industrial plants and ranches. They also had to find time for a heavy load of reading: Karl Marx, Paul Hoffman's *Peace Can Be Won*, Norman Thomas' *A Socialist's Faith*, and the *Wall Street Journal*.

To the students, it all seemed something of a lark at first—six expense-paid weeks in sunny Southern California. But last week, as one by one they marched up to receive their graduation certificates, Dean Lockley happily noted that they all looked "five years older . . . We have tried," said he, "to turn out men who can think."

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THE PRESENT
TO BE READING...

TIME



American Universal "Ten-Twenty" Desks in a Monte Vista School classroom, Ontario, California. District Superintendent, Bruce Miller. Architect, J. Dewey Harnish.



Could there be a lesson here for you?

If you could recapture childhood and join the pupils in this classroom, you would occupy a desk quite different from the type familiar in your own school days. Regardless of the position you adopted, your posture would remain relaxed, and induce neither eye nor body strain. Relieved of physical tensions, you would feel better and learn more easily—and your teacher's efforts would achieve better results.

The American Universal "Ten-Twenty" (10°-20°) Desk, known as the

"Key to the co-ordinated classroom," is the only school desk with the *three* desk-top positions—level, plus 10° and 20° slopes—needed to accommodate all types of school work. It is the only one with *automatic fore-and-aft* seat adjustment for focal adjustment to all desk-top tasks. The entire desk is movable, allowing *flexibility of arrangement*—exemplified by the circular grouping shown. The seat swivels 45° either way to silent, cushioned stops, reducing body twist for right or left hand and

eye preferences, and permitting easy ingress and egress. Sanitary one-piece steel book-box.

In considering the welfare of your own community's children, you'll be interested to learn that the "Ten-Twenty" can be obtained at a difference in cost, over the cheapest school desk with chair, of as little as 1/2 of 1 per cent of the per-pupil cost of a new school. Send for our free booklet containing further information of importance to both parents and educators.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Next Five Months

What's the outlook for business for the rest of the year? Last week businessmen added up all the factors of the steel strike and arms production and came up with a moderately cheery answer. Business would be good, but the cost of doing business would rise, along with retail prices.

The steel strike was responsible for both conclusions; it had cleaned out overloaded inventories, while threatening to boost the prices of manufactured goods all down the line. On top of that, consumers were once more swarming into stores. Installment credit, increasing at a rate of more than half a billion dollars a month, hit a new alltime high of \$14.4 billion in June. As buying soared and the strike pinched output, swollen stocks of appliances and many other items dwindled. Apex Electrical Manufacturing Co., for example, reported last week that it was selling washing machines right off the production line.

Auto dealers, who usually carry a 30-day supply of cars, were down to as little as a three-day inventory; some were out of cars altogether. Used-car prices began to rise, and it looked as if some new 1953 models would not only be harder to get, but more expensive to boot.

If steel prices had been boosted without a strike, many a manufacturer with lagging sales would have been forced to absorb the raise. But with inventories cleaned out, the raise can now be passed on to consumers. Much of the lost civilian production will not be made up this year, since a big bite will be taken out of civilian goods to make up for the lost arms output. Beginning in the fourth quarter, said NPA, the military will boost its steel take by 50%, to about one-fifth of total output. In some grades it will be taking virtually the entire production.

Prices were also going up in other fields. Food prices jumped more than 1% in a fortnight to an alltime high; and the drought (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) would probably send them higher. In the textile industry, mills operating at half speed only a few months ago were close to capacity, and prices of such items as acetate rayon yarns were boosted last week.

Barring any change for the worse in the international situation, the nation would have its hands full for months just meeting the new consumer demand and making up the production of civilian and military goods lost in the strike.

MANAGEMENT

"Something Special"

In Houston last week, employees of the Prudential Insurance Co. of America happily inspected their new 21-story, \$9,000,000 office building; it seemed more like a country club than a place to work.

Stenographers typed in air-conditioned comfort; when they wanted a breather,

they strolled into an airy lounge with an outside wall of glass, and sank into deep and comfortable modern chairs. At noon, the 1,200 employees all had a free three-course meal (main course: roast beef) in a spacious cafeteria; afterward, they could stroll along shady paths through 275 landscaped acres surrounding the building. Off work at 4:15, they could swim in a big (75 ft. by 42 ft.) swimming pool, play tennis on two courts, get a book from the free lending library.

The new office was not mere altruism on Prudential's part. It was Prudential's way of luring workers, despite the fact that its wage scale is lower than other companies in oil-rich Houston. For all its employees, Prudential has free medical care, a non-contributory pension plan, and extra vacation days for good attendance; but Vice President Charles Fleetwood decided he would have to do "something special" to staff his new southwestern headquarters. With his new building, he not only got his staff, but now has a long waiting list.

Prudential has found out, says Fleetwood, that employees are more interested in fringe benefits and such things as pleasant working conditions and sports facilities than in higher wages. In Los Angeles, where there is the same kind of competition for office help as in Houston, Prudential had nearly a 100% turnover in a year. Said Fleetwood: "If our pool and other facilities cut turnover by as little as 5%, the pool alone will amortize itself in savings in five years."

INDUSTRY

Titanium to the Fore

In its short commercial life, titanium has been tagged "the wonder metal." As strong as steel, it weighs only half as much; heavier than aluminum, it is twice as strong. It doesn't rust; it becomes tougher under high temperatures, and is more resistant to steam erosion than any other construction material. But titanium also has some major flaws: it costs \$5 a lb. in the raw state, is hard to fabricate, and production is only 1,400 tons a year.

Last week the Pentagon and private industry stepped up their titanium program in hopes of performing a new wonder with the "wonder metal." They hope to transform the swaddling titanium industry into a full-grown giant. The Defense Materials Procurement Agency granted a fast track write-off certificate, and NPA granted a \$14.7 million loan to Du Pont to expand its present titanium facilities in Newport and Edge Moor, Del. (If advances in titanium production make the plant obsolete in the next few years, the Government will buy it back.)

Then the Air Force said it would provide subsidies to defense contractors who will replace steel parts with titanium. First in line was Pratt & Whitney, which with other jet engine producers has been experimenting with the metal for three years. P. & W. agreed to use titanium in the J-57 engines for the B-52 (TIME, Aug. 4). The Pentagon hopes such moves will mul-



PRUDENTIAL'S HOUSTON HEADQUARTERS
Nice work if you can get it.

Don Hardy—Houston Post



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tively the uses of titanium in a hurry, thus spur production and chop its cost per pound. **Big Rush.** There was plenty of need for the big rush. Jet planes are already approaching the supersonic speeds at which aluminum wings will be melted by the friction of the air unless refrigerated. Titanium, on the other hand, holds up fine at the temperatures which occur at supersonic speeds. The Air Force feels that the first nation which makes titanium planes may well control the air.

For years, titanium dioxide (a powder) has been used in paint, while metallurgists sought to smelt it into a metal. It was not until 1946 that William Kroll, a metallurgist for the Bureau of Mines, managed to produce small grey spongelike globs of metal which could be cast into ingots. The Bureau sent a memo on titanium to Colonel John Dick, 49, chief of the Materials and Components Division of the Air Force Industrial Resources Directorate, who became a one-man publicity bureau for the metal, began plugging it to the armed services.

At the same time, Dick urged private industry to step up its titanium efforts. Du Pont, which had begun smelting the metal with Kroll's process, increased production from 50 to some 2,000 lbs. of raw metal a day. The first big boost came last August when the Government approved a fast tax write-off on a \$14 million investment of Titanium Metals Corp., jointly owned by Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corp. and National Lead (TIME, Aug. 20). The money was used to convert facilities at the Government's \$140 million wartime magnesium plant in Henderson, Nev. into a titanium smelter which now produces 60 tons of titanium a month.

Payoff. Last week, at Massachusetts' Watertown Arsenal, the Army displayed weapons made with titanium parts. The Army hopes eventually to make entire vehicles for air drops out of the wonder metal. The infantry has tested a titanium base plate for its 81-mm. mortar, found that the lighter plate will permit it to reduce a mortar crew from four to three men. The Navy, which now carries a spare snorkel in submarines because they corrode so fast, has begun experimenting with non-corrosive titanium breathers.


With the new Government program, Dick feels that the problems of titanium will soon be licked. He predicts that by 1954 raw titanium will drop to \$3 a lb., and that production will leap from its present 1,400 tons a year to 6,000 tons. But his sights are far higher. Says Dick: "Titanium will some day be used for the lock on your door."

AVIATION

Branniff Stretches Out

In the Midwest, Branniff International Airways and Mid-Continent Airlines seemed made for each other. They both tapped different territories, had no competing routes, and fed passengers to each other. Last week, with the blessing of CAB and stockholders of both lines, they merged. The new line will be known as

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Braniff, Mid-Continent's stockholders will trade 1½ shares of their stock for one share of Braniff's. The merger boosts Braniff's domestic routes from 4,831 miles to 10,234 (plus 7,599 miles of routes in Latin America), increases the number of its planes from 32 to 58, and makes it the world's twelfth biggest airline.

CAB has been urging such mergers not only to improve airline service but to cut costs, and thus reduce the size of airline subsidies. Tom Braniff, who will continue to boss the line he founded 24 years ago with a single-engine Stinson plane and a 116-mile route, is not anywhere near through expanding. He has applications pending for routes into Pittsburgh, New York and Washington and hopes, by equipment transfers with other lines, to extend his service to the West Coast.

CORPORATIONS

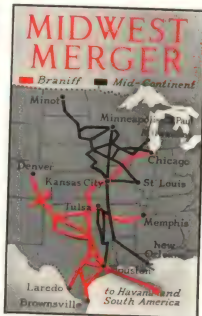
The Heat Hater

After a luncheon for 142 in Pittsburgh last week, Carrier Corp.'s President Cloud* Wampler flipped a switch which turned on the world's biggest private air-conditioning system: a \$5,000,000 complex which cools 68 floors in the three-building Gateway Center in Pittsburgh's new Golden Triangle of modern office buildings. It was a fitting event, for last week Carrier also celebrated the 50th anniversary of the air-conditioning industry fathered by its founder, Willis Carrier.

In those 50 years, air conditioning, which was once considered a luxury, has become standard practice. In the last ten years, Carrier Corp., which is the biggest industrial conditioner and has about 15% of the home market, has quadrupled its gross to \$80 million, and tripled its net to \$3.6 million. President Wampler, 57, thinks that is only the beginning. In the next ten years, said he last week, air-conditioning sales should more than double; the number of houses having single-room air conditioners should increase tenfold to about 5,000,000. Said Wampler: Man will forget "the day when he used to wrestle windows up & down, fight with screens, adjust radiators and try to pacify furnaces. He will simply set a thermostat and forget it . . . The non-air-conditioned house is today's horse & buggy.

Candy & Tobacco. Real horses & buggies filled the roads when Willis Carrier, a young Cornell-trained engineer employed by the Buffalo Forge Co., founded the modern air-conditioning industry in 1902. His first client was a Brooklyn lithograph company which had trouble because varying humidity in the shop made its paper contract & expand. Carrier devised a system which not only controlled humidity but cooled and circulated the air as well.

A few years later, Carrier set up his own company with \$35,000 capital. Soon he was providing equipment for candy-making plants, dusty tobacco factories, textile mills, the film industry and hotels. Not till the Depression did Cloud Wamp-



Trust Map by J. Donovan

ler appear on the scene. Wampler, a Knox College (Ill.) graduate, was a successful investment banker with Chicago's Lawrence Stern & Co., specializing in real estate; one of his tenants in Chicago was Carrier Corp. When Carrier, hard hit by hard times, asked for a rent reduction, Wampler coldly replied that the company needed a lot more than that. He became financial adviser to Carrier, and a company director in 1934; seven years later, he became executive vice president at \$25,000 a year and president ten months later. (Chairman Willis Carrier died two years ago, at 73.)

Lamb Chops & Martinis. Wampler promptly went after and won big defense contracts. During World War II, Carrier



Walter Bennett

CARRIER'S WAMPLER

"I'll make you more money."

* His mother's maiden name.

equipment air-conditioned ships, defense plants and Government buildings (its Pentagon installation is the biggest air-conditioning system in the world), kept food cold for the armed forces, simulated the low temperatures of high altitudes in wind tunnels. Once, on a hurry-up job for two synthetic rubber plants, Wampler yanked out the air-conditioning system in Manhattan's swank Tiffany & Co. jewelry store and shipped it to Oklahoma and Texas. To save space, Carrier devised a system which eliminated large cooling ducts. Instead, it compressed the air and shot it through small pipes.

Wampler plugged the economic advantages of air conditioning. He showed how it could increase productivity in factories and offices, boost retail sales. "Go to a man and say, 'I'll make you more money.' Take a restaurant. Maybe you'll go there on a hot day for a green salad. But after you cool off, you may want something more substantial, like a lamb chop. You'll think a Martini would be just the thing."

Under Wampler, Carrier has expanded abroad, put air conditioning in a French photographic plant, a Colombian brewery, a Finnish rayon mill (among Carrier's earlier cooling ventures: a South African gold mine, a Middle East harem). One of Wampler's pet dreams is covered streets, fully air-conditioned and reserved for pedestrians. "The motorists," he adds, dead serious, "would use the roofs of the streets for driving their air-conditioned cars. When we get to that point, we'll get away from the one criticism we've met with—the fact that people don't like to walk out of an air-conditioned building into the terrific heat."

MODERN LIVING

Mow It Yourself

In Baxter Springs, Kans. last week, engineers of the Root Co. demonstrated a power lawnmower which hardly needs an operator. After being run once around the lawn, the mower is steered by an electronic feeler which is guided by the uncut long grass. The mower, to be made for Fairbanks, Morse next year, will probably sell for \$300.

The machine is the latest gadget of the power garden tool business, an industry that has sprung up like crab grass since the war. All over the U.S. last week, men were revving up their power mowers and heading into the wild green yonder with all the enthusiasm of fighter pilots climbing into the sun. Children were cleaning up as much as \$75 a week, making the neighborhood rounds with the family machine. Sears, Roebuck reported it was selling one power mower for every two non-powered machines.

Before the war, a mere handful of companies turned out some 60,000 power mowers a year, only 3% of the total mower market. Now, more than 100 companies are in the business and power-mower sales are running at \$100 million a year, about half the total market. (Among the leaders: Reo Motors, Jacobsen Mfg. Co., Toro Mfg. Corp.) The twofold re-



... Mark of PROGRESS in Railroadng



It's twice the train its father was

If you could count the cars in this Erie freight train, you would find that it runs about 135 cars—twice the length of a freight train of 30 years ago. But that's only part of the story of Erie's progress.

Bigger cars and more to a train have increased the total load which means more efficient hauling. Just a generation ago the average train hauled 1906 gross tons, against 3475 gross tons today.

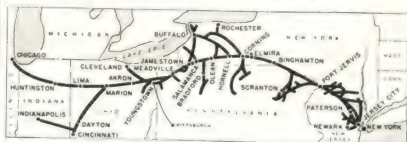
One of the most accurate measurements of railroad efficiency is "Gross Ton Miles Per Train Hour". The Erie has registered a 140% increase since the Twenties in this index of moving more tons of freight faster. Year after year this good showing has placed the Erie near the top among American railroads

in the efficient handling of freight.

Much of the credit for these examples of progressive railroadng goes to Erie's big investment in new and more efficient equipment. For the Erie constantly searches for new and improved ways to serve you, industry and our country's defense needs with the best in transportation.

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The improved EKOTAPE is a truly great performer—in business, home, church or school!

Before buying any tape recorder, first look to the *name of the maker*. Judged by this standard, your choice should be Ekotape—for Ekotape is made and backed by Webster Electric of Racine, pioneer manufacturer (established 1909) of highest-quality products in the electrical, electronic and many other fields.

Next, look to *design and construction*. Here, too, Ekotape wins out in competition. The latest 1952 models retain all the features which have won universal favor in all previous models including its *unique central speed-and-direction control*—plus such practical improvements as: Newly styled, soil-resistant case in attractive colors; structural provision for using the new Ekotape foot-switch* for "remote control" and greater operat-

ing ease; a design which accommodates the new Ekotape continuous tape magazine* (for commercial use).

Then, consider *performance*. Ekotape is the most simple to operate of all tape recorders. Its tone quality is unsurpassed. It is easily portable. It gives unflinching fine performance in recording and reproducing speech, music, sound of any kind.

Last, judge its *versatility*. There is almost no limit to Ekotape's usefulness—for endless home enjoyment, as a practical business tool, as a means of instruction in schools, for many church purposes—everywhere!

Let your nearest dealer demonstrate Ekotape for you. Or—fill in and mail the coupon to us.

*Available as an accessory.

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son for the boom: 1) suburban population has soared 40% since before the war (v. a 12% rise in the cities) and 2) the cost of hiring someone to cut the grass has climbed so high (\$1.50 to \$2.25 an hour) that the average power lawnmower, at \$150, will almost pay for itself in one summer.

Other garden gadgets are also getting a big play. Food Machinery & Chemical Corp., for example, is doing a big business with small tractors (\$129 and up) to which some 30 different attachments can be hitched—including a saw, a snowplow and blower, and an air compressor which can be used for spraying paint or insecticides or for greasing a car. Another Food Machinery device: the "Trim Master" (\$45), which sucks up ragged grass along borders and snips it off.

OIL

Trouble for McCarthy

Glenn McCarthy, who made and lost two fortunes in oil, last week was blocked by the SEC in his attempt to make a comeback with a new oil company. When McCarthy first filed a registration statement for 10,000,000 shares of stock he hoped to sell in his new Glenn McCarthy Inc., the SEC challenged him. Had McCarthy spelled out how risky his new venture might be? McCarthy apparently had not; he carefully amended his statement to make clear the "considerable amount of risk" for anyone who put money in his new company. Some of the risks:

¶ The company has no specific "existing plans" for buying property, and "no assurance can be given that [the proposed program of operation] will result in discovery . . . of oil."

¶ McCarthy has defaulted on payments of a \$29 million debt to the Equitable Life Assurance Society and has given up his stock interest in his other oil concerns. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. may foreclose on a \$15 million mortgage on the Texas Gas Corp., a petro-chemical company which has not been a conspicuous success.

¶ McCarthy will have an option to buy 2,000,000 shares of the proposed company's stock at 5% under the market price and thus may "profit . . . at the expense of other [stockholders] without assuming the risks of the business which such other stockholders have assumed."

Last week, the day before the SEC okayed the registration and Houston's B. V. Christie & Co. got ready to sell the stock, McCarthy ran into more trouble. Dallas' Dresser Industries, Inc., which had installed \$2,500,000 worth of equipment in the Texas Gas Corp. plant, sued McCarthy for a million. Charged the Dresser company: McCarthy had failed to pay a penny on \$836,289 in promissory notes signed three years ago. At one time McCarthy had tried to settle the debt for \$15,000, but while Dresser was dickering, McCarthy withdrew the offer.

As soon as the SEC heard about the suit, it hastily withdrew approval of the stock



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AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.

TIME, AUGUST 11, 1952



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registration until it could see how the suit would affect McCarthy's new company. Texas brokers, who have followed McCarthy's career with great interest, guessed that the stock issue might be delayed for weeks or killed entirely.

It was a hard blow for McCarthy. All of his big holdings, including the Shamrock Hotel, are mortgaged to the hilt and currently out of his control. He still has a radio station, a chain of neighborhood newspapers and other odds & ends. Despite the pinch on his purse, McCarthy still lives like one of the Big Rich in his big house, still throws big parties and flits around the countryside in his private plane.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Business Brain. In Brooklyn, the Electronic Computer Corp. offered a mid-sized (6 ft. by 10 ft.) electronic brain, the Elecom 100. The compact machine will answer such practical corporate problems



ELECOM 100

An answer to tax problems?

as the overall wage bill, taxes, etc. Capable of "remembering" 102,400 combinations of nine decimal digits each, the brain can also be used for complicated aerodynamic problems. Elecom is run from a panel on an office desk, and the answers are recorded on an electric typewriter. Price: \$62,500.

New Zest. Procter & Gamble began test sales of Zest, a soap which holds the dirt and grime in suspension in the water, doesn't leave a ring around the bathtub. P. & G. claims Zest will produce suds even in salt water. Price: approximately 15¢ a cake.

Snug Socks. In New York City, Esquire Socks introduced one-size nylon Expand-O socks which it claims will fit any man's feet. The nylon fiber is made by a secret process that gives it an elastic quality, permits the socks to expand evenly so that they do not cramp the feet. Price: \$1.50 a pair.



AT SEA

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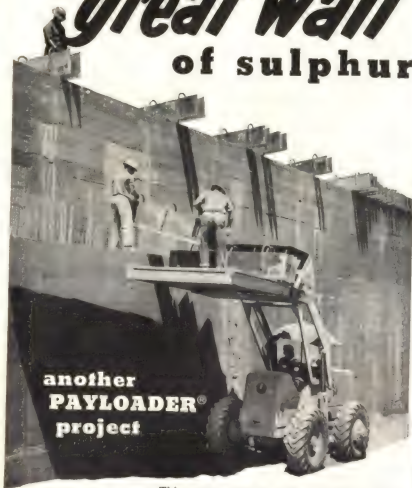
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This great, strange wall of yellow sulphur serves as a huge cooling vat at The Freeport Sulphur Co., Port Sulphur, Louisiana. The vat contains molten liquid sulphur which will cool into a solid sulphur block 200 feet wide by 30 feet high.

Key machines in the ingenious system are Model HM "PAYLOADERS" one of which serves as a portable scaffold for workmen handling forms. These 4-wheel drive tractor shovels likewise build temporary dikes and perform many other production-boosting, cost-cutting jobs.

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MILESTONES

Married. Jack Carson, 41, comedian of stage (*O! Thee I Sing*), screen (*The Good Humor Man*) & TV; and Cinemactress Lola (Champion) Albright, 28; he for the third time, she for the second; in North Hollywood.

Divorced. By Valerie Hobson, 35. British cinemactress (*Great Expectations*); Anthony Havelock-Allan, 47, British film producer (*Brief Encounter*); after 13 years of marriage, two children.

Divorced. Adolph Bernard Spreckels Jr., 39, California playboy and sugar heir; by Kay Williams, 35, blonde, onetime cinemactress, his fifth wife; after seven years of marriage, numerous spats, two children; in Los Angeles.

Divorced. J. B. Priestley, 58, bestselling novelist (*The Good Companions*), actor and playwright; by Winifred May Priestley, fortyish; after 26 years of marriage, four children; in Exeter, England.

Died. Philip Douglas, 62, outstanding pitcher (1919-22) for the New York Giants, who was banned from organized baseball for life; of a stroke; in Sequatchie, Tenn. Towering (6 ft.-4 in.) "Shufflin' Phil" scrawled an offer to go fishing in the middle of 1922's hot pennant race if the St. Louis Cardinals would make it worth his while. "I don't want to see this guy [Giants Manager John McGraw] win the pennant . . ." he wrote Cardinal Outfielder Leslie Mann. "Send the goods to my house . . . and I will go home on the next train." Douglas was fired; the Giants won anyhow.

Died. Edward Henry Scudamore Stanhope, 63, twelfth Earl of Chesterfield, who in 1935 succeeded to the title bestowed in 1628 by Charles I; of cardiac asthma; in London. The family name "Chesterfield" survives in the English language, associated with an overcoat, a sofa and an elegant manner. Best known of the Chesterfields: the fourth earl, Philip Dormer Stanhope (1694-1773), famed for his letters to his son.

Died. Andrew Jackson Higgins, 65, rough & ready boss of Higgins, Inc., designers and makers of the snub-nosed landing craft that saw service in every theater of World War II; of complications resulting from stomach ulcers; in New Orleans. Bluff, tough "A.J." personally supervised every phase of his business, posted a sign in the plant: "Any body caught stealing tools from this yard won't get fired—he'll go to the hospital . . . A.J.H." With World War II, Higgins skyrocketed with war orders to an annual volume of \$120 million.

Died. Charles Clinton Spaulding, 78, a former slave's son who became one of the richest Negroes in the U.S.; of pneumonia; in Durham, N.C. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

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TIME, AUGUST 11, 1952



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Missouri River from St. Louis during the 1830s. On board the whisky-laden keelboat *Mundan* are a brawling Creole crew captained by roly-poly Frenchie (Steven Geray); a couple of Kentucky mountain men, high-spirited Jim Deakins (Kirk Douglas) and hot-tempered Boone Caudill (Dewey Martin); and a hostage Blackfoot princess named Teal Eye (Elizabeth Threatt), who has been taken along to safeguard the expedition against Indian attacks.

Author Guthrie's novel is an epic saga of the hardy men who discovered a wilderness before the covered wagon came. The picture cuts down the novel's size and



THREATT & MARTIN
Sometimes the camera eavesdrops.

scope and tones down its realism, imposing a happy ending on the tragic love story of Boone and Teal Eye. But, for all its hemmed-in dramatic horizons, *The Big Sky* frequently has an easy naturalism, as if the camera and sound track were eavesdropping on the actors. Credit goes to Director Howard (Red River) Hawks.

Scenes filmed in Grand Teton National Park give the feeling of the northwest's sprawling magnitude, of the raw, vast, lonesome land. And in the performances of Dewey Martin as the moody, savage Boone and Arthur Hunnicutt as the grizzled old fur trapper, *The Big Sky* captures some of the book's roughhewn poetry and its dark strain of violence.

Sudden Fear (Joseph Kaufman; RKO Radio) finds Joan Crawford in something of a predicament. Her actor-husband (Jack Palance) is trying to murder her by running her down with his convertible on the hilly streets of San Francisco. This homicidal urge, it seems, dates back to the time when Joan, a playwright-heiress turned him down for the leading part in one of her plays because she felt he was not romantic enough for the role. Shortly afterwards, she apparently changed her mind because she decided to marry him. She puts him up in her elegant home

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overlooking the bay and gives him plenty of pocket money, but Palance is still brooding over her professional affront to him. With the help of an old flame (Gloria Grahame), he decides to eliminate Joan so that he can inherit her money—and presumably finance a stage production in which he will play the romantic lead.

This florid tale has been given flamboyant direction with overemphasis on such familiar thriller props as jangling telephones and doorbells, blaring radios, sudden shrieks and cats yowling in the night. Gaunt, towering Jack Palance makes an unusual leading man for Joan, while Gloria Grahame gives a pungent performance as the scheming other woman. As for Joan, she suffers bravely and beautifully—in gowns by Sheila O'Brien, lingerie by Tula, furs by Al Teitelbaum, and hats by Rex, Inc.

Dreamboat (20th Century-Fox) is a tart, tweedy college professor (Clifton Webb), who was once a silent screen ham, rated second in popularity only to "some stupid police dog." When his old movies suddenly become popular on television, embarrassed Professor Webb sues to keep them from being shown. "It's like exhuming a man from his grave," he argues. But the ending is a happy one: Webb winds up in Hollywood with a talking picture contract that bars police dogs from the casts of his movies.

Dreamboat gets a few celluloid chuckles from television—a subject about which Hollywood has yet to crack a smile offscreen. It also ribs silent films by speeding them up to make them look jerky. In the silent sequences, Webb makes flaming love to Ginger Rogers in Rudolph Valentino style.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Strange Ones. Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a strange dreamworld of their own (TIME, July 21).

High Noon. Gary Cooper as an embattled cow-town marshal facing four desperados singlehanded in a topnotch western (TIME, July 14).

Where's Charley? Ray Bolger singing and dancing in a gay. Technicolor edition of *Charley's Aunt* (TIME, July 7).

Carrie. Polished movie version of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with Jennifer Jones and Laurence Olivier as star-crossed lovers (TIME, June 30).

The Story of Robin Hood. Flavorful version of the old legend, with Richard Todd fighting for king, country and fair Maid Marian (TIME, June 30).

Pat and Mike. A sprightly comedy in which Katharine Hepburn plays a lady athlete and Spencer Tracy a sports promoter (TIME, June 16).

Outcast of the Islands. Joseph Conrad's hothouse drama of a white man's disintegration in the tropics, directed by Carol (*The Third Man*) Reed; with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley (TIME, April 28).

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Lollipop Chaucer

THE CANTERBURY TALES [528 pp.]—A New Translation by Nevill Coghill—Penguin (\$1.25).

Like hosts of other schoolboy scholars, Nevill Coghill tackled Chaucer in his teens, and found the venerable verses too quaint to be much fun. In time—when Coghill himself had become a relatively venerable (47) fellow of Exeter College, Oxford—he set out to de-quaint *The Canterbury Tales*.

Modernizer Coghill was too much of a poet to follow the patchwork method, i.e., simply to insert modern words where the old ones are unintelligible. He kept Chaucer's rhyme schemes, except where they no longer rang true to the modern ear. And he concentrated particularly on reproducing the lively "tone of voice" of the 14th-century original—by the seemingly paradoxical method of making the verses sound as much like 20th-century conversation as possible.

Male & Female. The completed work (which the BBC has been broadcasting, in parts, as Coghill finished them, for six years) is the best "translation" of Chaucer to be had. It owes much of its bubbling fluency to Coghill's boldness in sacrificing words and word orders to rhythm and clarity. This is evident in the famed opening lines (usually as much as anyone remembers of the *Tales*)—"I'll han that Aprille with his shoures sote/ The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote"—which Coghill deftly turns thus: *When the sweet showers of April fall and shoot/ Down through the drought of March to pierce the root . . .*

Chaucer, Coghill observes, delighted to



POET CHAUCER
To freshen up a pig's eye.

silence his own voice and speak with the tongues of characters as varied and opinionated as the Knight, the Wife of Bath and the Clerk of Oxford. It is this multilingual mixture which makes the *Tales* a "concise portrait of an entire nation, high and low, old and young, male and female, lay and clerical, learned and ignorant." To revive this effect, Coghill decided to modernize the people's looks as well as their language, to suggest their old status by putting them in modern context. Where Chaucer, for example, says of the carpenter's flighty wife in "The Miller's

Tale," *Hir shoes were laced on hir legges hye;/ She was a prymerole, a pigges-nye*, Coghill, aware that no modern woman would care to be compared to a pig's eye, freshens her up like this: *High shoes she wore, and laced them to the top./ She was a daisy, O a lollipop*.

Bitter & Bittre. But Coghill's version also emphasizes the fact that Chaucer's multilingual voice was often rough, sharp and cynical. And it is usually when trying to emulate this toughness that Coghill's witty, elegant rendering is inadequate. Try as he may, he cannot quite evoke in the tones of modern poetry that grim old Britain in which full-belliedness and famine, bestiality and piety, riches and utter penury were all such close neighbors that a man might step at any given moment from one condition to another. Transcribing, for example, the winter days so dreaded in those times, Coghill writes:

*The bitter frosts, the driving sleet and rain
Had killed the gardens; greens had disappeared.
Now Janus by the fire with double beard,
His bugle-horn in hand, sits drinking wine:
Before him stands a brawn of tuskly swine.
And 'Sing Noel!' cries every lusty man.*

The rendering is literally clear and exact, but the reader who wants to feel the real teeth of an ancient winter must still turn to his unrevised Chaucer:

*The bittre frostes, with the sleet and reyn,
Destroyed hath the grene in every yerd,
Janus sit by the fyr, with double berd,
And drinketh of his bugle-horn the wyne,
Biforn him stant brawn of the tusked swyn,
And 'Nowel' cryeth every lusty man.*

THE MEN WHO FOUND DEATH

One of the most pointed of all Chaucer's stories is *The Pardoner's Tale*—the story of the three young roisterers who went looking for Death. They seize an old man and mockingly demand that he tell them where Death can be found. He assures them that he has seen Death, that very day, down the road, under an oak tree. With drunken bravado, they march to the tree and find, to their amazed delight, a pile of gold florins. But the old man was right, too. Since the three decide they cannot haul their treasure home in daylight, they send the youngest back to town for bread & wine. No sooner is he gone than one of the other two proposes a piece of treachery. The climax of *The Pardoner's Tale*, as told in Coghill's new version:

"Now look: when he comes back, get up in fun
And have a wrestle with him, just a rag;
Then I'll jump up and slice him through the bag
While he is struggling, thinking it a game;
You draw your dagger too and do the same.
Then all this money will be ours to spend,
Divided equally, of course, dear friend . . ."
The youngest, as he ran towards the town,
Kept turning over, rolling up and down

Within his heart the beauty of those bright
New florins, saying, 'Lord, to think I might
Have all that treasure to myself alone!
Could there be anyone beneath the throne
Of God so happy as I then should be?' . . .

And on he ran, he had no thought to tarry,
Came to the town, found an apothecary
And said, 'Sell me some poison if you will,
I have a lot of rats I want to kill . . .'
This cursed fellow grabbed into his hand
The box of poison and away he ran
Into a neighboring street, and found a man
Who lent him three large bottles. He withdrew
And deftly poured the poison into two.
He kept the third one clean, as well he might,
For his own drink, meaning to work all night
Stacking the gold and carrying it away . . .

Why make a sermon of it? Why waste breath?
Exactly in the way they'd planned his death
They fell on him and slew him, two to one.
Then said the first of them when this was done,
'Now for a drink. Sit down and let's be merry.
For later on there'll be the corpse to bury.'
And, so it happened, reaching for a sup
He took a bottle full of poison up
And drank; and his companion, nothing loth,
Drank from it also, and they perished both."



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Man & Wife Team

THEODORA AND THE EMPEROR [336 pp.]
—Harold Lamb—Doubleday (\$4.50).

The only surprising thing about *Theodora and the Emperor* is that it took Harold Lamb so long to get around to it. Subject and author could hardly be more naturally joined: little is known for sure about the private life of Emperor Justinian, even less about his wife Theodora. But Harold Lamb is an old hand at bridging historical gaps. He once wrote a whole book about so shadowy a figure as Poet Omar Khayyam, and made it sound plausible at that. Now, working his imagination overtime, and with a large assist from Justinian's court historian, Procopius, Author Lamb offers the inside story of "the first notable man and wife of modern history."

The man was a Macedonian peasant who had come to Constantinople for an



G. F. Watts. C.M. R.A.

JUSTINIAN & THEODORA

He a lawyer, she a brat.

education at 18, became emperor at 45 and ruled the Eastern Roman Empire for 38 years until his death in 565. The wife was a Syrian circus brat turned prostitute who had the good luck to please the future emperor.

As Author Lamb tells their story, the peasant emperor loses in stature and the prostitute empress takes on a regal aspect. Justinian is seen as a dull, lifelong scholar, a grubber for facts, a physical coward with an insatiable lust for power. He seldom left his palace, and depended on his great commander, Belisarius, to defend the empire. Of his many great projects, only two fully succeeded: the Justinian Code and the building of the magnificent Church of St. Sophia.

Theodora was no idle throne warmer. She ruled as a full partner, intrigued incessantly against enemies of the regime. When the people revolted, it was she who



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Allison, who soloed in a week, likes Cessna’s high-wing visibility, all-metal construction and low maintenance cost. He hasn’t spent a cent for repairs, says, “I don’t consider my Cessna expensive to operate because it makes time, prospects and money for me. By comparison, the cost of flying is negligible.”

PRODUCTION

Engineers, Executives “Shuttle”...

In Mount Vernon, Ohio and Grove City, Pa.—138 miles apart—The Cooper-Besmer Corp. (heavy-duty engines, pumps, compressors) operates two big plants almost as one. Each is self-contained but department heads, engineers, sales and maintenance men spend time in both plants and Gordon Lefebvre, 63-year-old company president, maintains active offices in both.

The secret: A continuous “shuttle” operation with two big, fast Cessna 195’s... and a third 195 for the use of Mr. Lefebvre. The planes also carry salesmen to the “front lines” all over the midwest—bringing customers to the plants—fly executives to innumerable conventions and meetings. Last year, company Cessnas flew 3,019 trips covering 569,094 miles.

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was firm while Justinian stood helpless. Because her past continually plagued her, she put an end to brothels in a city that considered them indispensable. She even, so history tells it, built a sanctuary for prostitutes, and sent 500 there to repent at leisure. Of one thing not even her basest enemies accused her: unfaithfulness to Justinian.

Theodora and the Emperor is too glib to be taken with thorough seriousness, but it is thoroughly readable.

Mental Pushups

THE GREAT ENTERPRISE (332 pp.)—H. A. Overstreet—Norton (\$3.50).

The boy who stood on the burning deck was a moron. Professor Harry Allen Overstreet once told a child-study group. "He did not have the intelligence to adapt himself to a changing situation." In 1939,



AUTHOR OVERSTREET
He fled the burning deck.

convinced that modern man is a boy on the burning deck of the 20th century, he quit his philosophy post at Manhattan's City College and turned to writing and lecturing. Author Overstreet soon gathered a new class bigger than any teacher's dream.

Nearly half a million Americans bought *The Mature Mind*. Its psychological nostrums and all-too-truisms gave its readers the heady sensation of doing mental pushups by the dozen.

In *The Great Enterprise*, the self-help school is back in session. Even sleepy students will recognize the first half of the book as a rehash of *The Mature Mind*. Entitled "Equipment for Maturing," it might be subtitled "First Aid for the Ego." Twisted into neurotic shapes by

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parents, bosses and competitive tensions, the modern ego is forever ailing, Overstreet suggests. The big trouble is that modern man is in an introspective rut. The cure: "We must, so to speak, go beyond ourselves in order to find ourselves . . . Mental unhealth . . . is to be overcome by the overcoming of faulty interpersonal relations."

Why have interpersonal relations bogged down? Author Overstreet says, in effect, that love is the four-letter word modern man has forgotten. After casting a topical eye on race riots in Cicero and South Africa, on hot & cold wars, on McCarthyism and anti-McCarthyism, Overstreet concludes that just as love casts out fear, so fear casts out love.

Overstreet's remedies verge on the fatuous ("If we could grasp what other persons are saying . . . the major hostilities of life would disappear") and the contradictory ("It is out of the vast amount of sheer unbalance in the economic life that the major hostilities of men have arisen").

During summer months, these green dicta issue from an ivory bower, a rustic, century-old house near Bennington, Vt. (winter headquarters: Mill Valley, Calif.). Carrying his 76 years lightly, Professor Overstreet is up at 4 on most mornings, dawdles over breakfast till 5:30 a.m. From then till 1 p.m. he writes in his barn. Afternoons are spent puttering about the garden and feeding a pet chipmunk. Since the nearest neighbor is half a mile away, the professor pretty much limits his interpersonal relations to his wife, with whom he spends the evenings studying a new enthusiasm, the mandolin.

RECENT & READABLE

Journey to the Far Pacific, by Thomas E. Dewey. A discerning and lively narrative of Dewey's travels in 17 countries last year (TIME, July 21).

Matador, by Barnaby Conrad. Latest addition to the small shelf of good books about bullfighters (TIME, June 30).

Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl. How eight Jews escaped the Gestapo for two years by hiding in an Amsterdam office building, recorded in the memorable journal of a teen-age girl (TIME, June 16).

Submarine, by Edward L. Beach. The dramatic underside of the Pacific War, as told by a combat submariner (TIME, June 9).

The Thurber Album. Back through the turns of time with James Thurber of Columbus, Ohio (TIME, June 2).

Winston Churchill, by Robert Lewis Taylor. A cheerfully anecdotal biography (TIME, June 2).

Witness. The testament of Whittaker Chambers (TIME, May 26).

The Time of the Assassins, by Godfrey Blunden. A tale of two fanaticisms—SS and NKVD—in the Ukrainian city of Kharkov (TIME, May 19).

The Golden Hand, by Edith Simon. Life & death in a fictional English village of the 14th century (TIME, April 28).

Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison. A rousing good first novel about the coming of age of a Negro boy (TIME, April 14).

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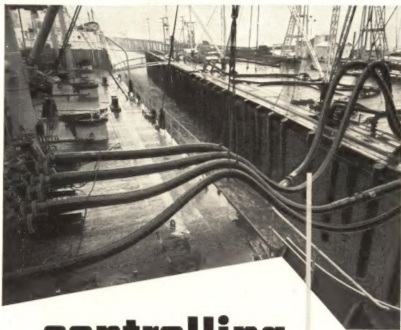
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MISCELLANY

Weather or Not. In Montgomery, Ala., Dr. Vernon Johns, pastor of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, announced church services with a newspaper ad: "Beat the heat for God. Brave a reasonable amount of heat now instead of risking too much hereafter."

Ceiling Zero. In Pittsfield, Me., when his small plane went into a spin, Pilot Albert F. Mace, 37, plunged through the roof of his house and into the attic, stepped out of the wreckage slightly bruised.

Wearing of the Green. In St. Louis, the Euclid-West Pine flower shop displayed a sign: "We positively guarantee that all of our flowers have chlorophyll."

The Weaker Sex. In London, the National Vigilance Association disbanded its patrols designed to protect young women from strangers in railroad stations, solemnly announced: "Today it's the young men who need protecting and looking after."

Roadbed. In Hudson, N.Y., Jordan Brown, 41, caused a New York Central passenger train to screech to an emergency stop when he was seen lying across the tracks, told inquiring police: "I just got tired and thought it was time for me to go to sleep."

Machine Age. In Toledo, Detective Harry Peterson arrived from Detroit to pick up a prisoner, explained that the car he was driving was not city property, but his own Stanley Steamer.

Wet Blanket. In Passaic, N.J., Mrs. Louis Miller sued her husband for divorce on grounds that he objected to her daily hot showers, complained to her: "You should have married a millionaire or somebody who owns a gas company."

Home Wave. In Springfield, Mass., while Antonio Giannetti was showing off his new air-conditioning system to customers during a heat wave, his barbershop got so cold that a thermostat turned on the radiators.

Better Late. In Albuquerque, police were warned to be on the lookout for two escapees from the Arkansas state penitentiary: Frank Duke, 42, who made off in 1934, and Jim Freeman, 71, who turned the trick in 1923.

Credit Rating. In Central Falls, R.I., when an irate burglar found no money in John Marks's store, he left a hastily scribbled note: "What! Are you bankrupt?"

Beyond the Call. In Sacramento, after being bothered for four years by a rash which hospitalized him four different times, Staff Sergeant Donald W. Arrington took his pre-discharge physical examination, learned that he is allergic to khaki.



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